BEN IS DEAD

FREE

#5

Summer, 1989

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More contributor names throughout!

AD RATES and SIZES:
bus. card:(2.5" x 3.25" down) $25
1/4 page:(3.75" x 5" down) $45
1/3 page:(5" x 5" or 2 .5" x 10" down) $60
1/2 page:(7.5" x 5" down) $75
1 page:(7.5" x 10" down) $150

DEADLINES FOR ISSUE #6:
Ad copy in: August 15
Issue out: September 2

COVER PHOTO: Darby • **COVER DESIGN:** Ben • **COVER GIRL:** Sheryl

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Please send everything to BEN IS DEAD, P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, Ca. 90028. (213) 960-7674.
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As you will see we've got three full pages covering animal rights topics (though still not enough of the space it deserves). For all you unconcerned meat-eaters it'll be enough to make you sick (as it should). But I can not stress enough the importance of this issue as I firmly believe meat eating is a catalyst for many terrible things in our society. All I ask you to do is read it. For those who understand the importance of these issues keep in mind that this magazine is very interested in knowing your view point. If you have any information or articles covering this topic or others of such importance feel free to send them in.

The first good thought is that you've picked this thing up. Now, I have to tell you I was a little bit reluctant about using this photo for the cover. The reasons for not using this picture are simple. It looks so 'punk' that I was worried I'd scare many stereotypes off. Making them think this is only a punk zine and would not interest them or that the topics inside were only concerned about punk. (With the animal right stories inside I especially didn't want that to happen). There are many good 'punk' zines out there but some are sloppy, very few copies are made, and/or they are aimed towards a certain audience (which is too bad cause there's normally alot of good shit inside them). A goal of this zine is to reach a lot of people (borderlining commercial you might say... like nonprofit commercial). How can you change the norm when the norm have no access to your ideas? Yeah, this covergirl chick is a friend of mine but the reason I used this pict. is because I liked it.

I think most (especially metal) guitar solos are just a bit redundant. Most guitar players who know how to play guitar feel the urge to show the audience what they can do and make their performance more challenging for themselves, and I can understand that. But I think guitar solos sometimes interfere with otherwise good music. As for this problem I have come up with a possible solution. What I think is that guitarists should have a grading system, you know, like restaurants - four star, three star and so on according to their capabilities. These guitar players could wear a pin or badge, or something of that nature which would show their guitar playing status. Then, when they go to a club they've got the proof right on their shirts for all to see and when they play a gig they don't have to worry about showing off cause everyone can see (on his/her shirt) that he/she is a good/bad guitar player. Also, another option I have is that each band would have a tape recording of a typical guitar solo and the guitarist can just punch the tape player on while they're on stage instead of having to do the same guitar solo himself. I like the first idea much better but the second one would save the bucks when it comes to guitar lessons. Now I can only imagine that someone who's spent their whole life on mastering guitar solos would think this is absurd and even obnoxious. Maybe so, but this is only the opinion of a listener, not a player. The guitar is a great instrument in the right hands, but #1 - if you're not as good or creative as Jimmy Hendrix lay off and #2 - if you just can't seem to control yourself can you at least cut out the WWWWEEEOOWW, WWWWEEEOOOWWW (if you make your lips move right you'll know what I'm trying to say). Oh, and as for the part of making the performance more challenging, guitar players could try playing whilst standing on their head or use one hand... there are any number of creative things guitarists could do if they used their imagination.

- Darby

BEN IS DEAD NEWS AND INFORMATION

- ***No ads for issue #6 will be excepted after the deadline, August 15. If you are a club or promoter or your ad will cover last minute information, you can save ad space with a check and get the ad to us by August 25th (the latest - no exceptions).***
- ***We print 10,000 copies... they are free (though some are sold outside CA - to pay postage costs)***
- ***Clubs & promoters: 85% of all issues printed are distributed within the first 10 days of release.***
- ***Distribution includes (but is never limited to): LA, Orange County, Long Beach, Santa Monica, San Fernando Valley, Santa Barbara, Pasadena, San Diego, San Francisco, Arizona, Las Vegas, Detroit, Canada (Winsor, Ontario), Chicago, Boston, New York, London, Germany, France, (Although we now distribute internationally our main focus and the majority of the magazines are found in LA and throughout California.***
- ***We are not doing this magazine to make money. I am not saying that this magazine won't make any money, because it probably will at some point, but that is not my goal. The opinions in this magazine are honest ones if nothing else.***
- ***This magazine is for good music and activity for all.***

Normally, BEN IS DEAD is a bi-monthly magazine. We apologize to our advertisers and audience but to preserve my sanity the next issue will be posponed one month. Reviewers promising what they can not/will not deliver and advertisers promising ads which never come, are two of the major problems. This could be because on average people are really a bunch of lazy... but then again this must also be a management problem. So what I'm going to do is get some of this business shit organized, get a little ahead and, since it is summer, I am going to do what every smart Californian will be doing and that is GO SURFING (and try to keep my real job). Therefore issue #6 will be out on September 2nd instead, with many newsletters in between. On average I lose about $200 per issue and another $200 for postage and gas. As far as time goes I'm willing to put in all I can, but the money situation is growing weak and, let's just say, causes financial worries that I'd prefer avoid. If you are interested in helping, we need help in getting advertisements and help with distribution. We need reliable artists, writers (for show/record reviews, articles, interviews, stories), etc. If you think you can spare some time give us a call. If we break even and get more help maybe we can start putting out an issue every month again. We need to put together a dependable staff, only offer if you are serious. Thanks, Darby.

BEN IS DEAD LETTERS

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, BAY AREA'S PENNISULA

This is Rich from Northern California. The Pennisula scene, though dead, is getting a bit stronger. There is only one place to play, and any band that has played there more than four times has nightmares and flashbacks. I saw a great Pennisula band, The MUMMIES play in the City. They ripped it up! WIG TORTURE, the kings of Bud Core, are trying to put together an album. They have five or six songs completely done in the studio. SMILE, GOD LOVES YOU, is holding a benefit show for the Pennisula homeless. (Did you know that there's over 15,000 homeless on the Pennisula? Amazing!) With THREE STONED MEN and HAPPY. My band SCRUTINIZE THE BRAIN is waiting for our bass player Allan to get back from college, so we can start playing again. (Though we have played maybe six or seven shows with our good friend Matt filling in on bass). That's about it, so adios from Nor. Cal. Thanks, Rich

LONDON NEWS

Nothing to earth shaking is happening over here as far as bands are concerned. THE PIXIES are here playing a few dates with WOLFGANG PRESS. The THROWING MUSES are also playing around. The U.K. SUBS are still playing gigs here and there. I can't believe those guys are still around. THE LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH just played their last gig in London. Stiv Bator found out that the band had been auditioning singers behind his back, so during an encore he announced his discovery to everyone and said "fuck you" to the band. About a month ago, I was in Florence, Italy travelling on Spring Break, and who should be playing in town but YOUTH OF TODAY! Unfortunately, they were playing the same night I got into town and by the time I got over to the venue, they had already been playing for a while. Not wanting to pay the 15,000 lire ($10) cover, I hung around outside. I talked to some Italian dude about the show. He seemed to have enjoyed it but he didn't speak great English so I didn't get much out of him. Apparently though, it was a really wild gig with lots of stage diving, slamming and pogoing. I handed out a few #3 issues in which the locals were very interested. All the Italians spoke of RAW POWER. Apparently (?) they're an Italian band.

MUDHONEY, a Seattle garage band, are here playing in London. The Seattle thrash bands (MUDHONEY, SWALLOW, THE THROWN-UPS, etc.) are really big here. Also, LIVE SKULL have been over recently as well as BIG DIPPER, (both Homestead bands). I'm going down to London to see LIGHTNING STRIKE. I've heard alot about them, they are always playing gigs in London clubs.

Have you gotten any response from the JOYCE McKINNEY EXPERIENCE? This band is really good. I saw them live at my University a month ago. They're a five piece band with 3 girls and 2 guys. Two girls sing like mini Exene Cervenkas. Thay have a really good time up on stage. The drummer, Gigs, told me he was going to send you an album, I guess he flaked. I'll get the tape... I love this band...

Good work with #4. The mag gets better every time. I'm glad it's going so well.

That's about all that's happening here. I'm really looking forward to coming home. I miss L.A. — I need some smog, hot weather, and traffic. Also I need to see Social Distortion again. I haven't seen them since '87. I hear Mike Ness cleaned up and they got everything sorted out. See you soon, John Arens

---

To Whom I May Concern:

So I borrowed six stamps from my mom and told her I was sending thank you notes to the relatives for all of the bogus gifts I received for my birthday. Instead, I'm sending them to you so that you can send me a copy of Ben Is Dead. Thanks.

Sincerely, Chris Koprowsky, Chicago, IL

Dear Sirs:

Count me in! Here's my buck and stamps. You think it's boring in Hollywood? Shit. I live in the middle of goddamn nowhere. It's half an hour to the nearest McDonalds. Two hours to a decent record store, but hey, we do get to watch the cars rust. Heh, heh. You want boring? Come to Vermont. We have boring to spare. Sincerely, P. Doherty

---

THEE FORGIVEN

Howard Hollis' review of THEE FORGIVEN'S Salvation Guaranteed is full of shit. First off, Rich Coffee always plays all the guitars, as Mojo Jones came into the band after the album's completion, and sings on everything except "California Republic", upon which Ray Flores sings. Bela Horvath, who does a fine job of drumming on the album, does not sing on any of the tracks. And secondly, neither Rich nor Ray sing like Ian Astsbury! They've been doing pure vital raw, rockin' sounds for five years before that with the UNCLAIMED. But I guess Howard Hollis was too busy listening to Saturday Night Fever and VILLAGE PEOPLE to know anything that was going on at the time. I guess anyone who doesn't sound like Andrew Eldritch just dosn't make the grade Howie? I guess you think that real rockin' stuff all sounds the same - you obviously do, saying that THEE FOURGIVEN's songs "contain generic glam lyrics and repetitive sounds?" "When The Devil Drives" is hardly "generic glam" indeed it is one of the wildest, raunchiest tunes to come out last year. It doesn't sound like anything you'd see at a Sunset strip gig - and how many glamsters would sing: "This is where I'm real, with none of your hang-up/ and this is what I feel with none of your make-up on/because your life is all so phony" from "Baptism Of Fire". Indeed, Rich Coffee's songs rag on the conformist mentality endemic to the glam and gloom scenes. Check out besides "Baptism Of Fire" and "When The Devil Drives", "Lead Yourself" from Salvation Guaranteed. I guess Coffee's lyrics hit to close to home on your little phony bullshit scene, Howie?

THEE FOURGIVEN have been keeping the true RNR spirit alive in L.A. for some time, and they'll still be remember when you're forgotten, so go back to your bullshit conformist death schlock scene and don't bother intelligent people with your misguided opinions, OK? Straight forwardly yours, Mike Snider

Dear Lee (Dionysis Records, label for Yard Trauma and Thee Forgiven),

Obviously our reviews of THEE FORGIVEN and YARD TRAUMA were off by a few. Being that I have to do the all of the magazines organization myself I have been relying on contributiors to do some of the reviews, interviews, etc. that I can't accomplish on my own... and to give the mag more than a one-sided opinion. It's a problem when people don't consider the effects on bands and the magazine when they write a review that is too opinionated and/or without thought or correct facts. We all make mistakes but they're harder in print.

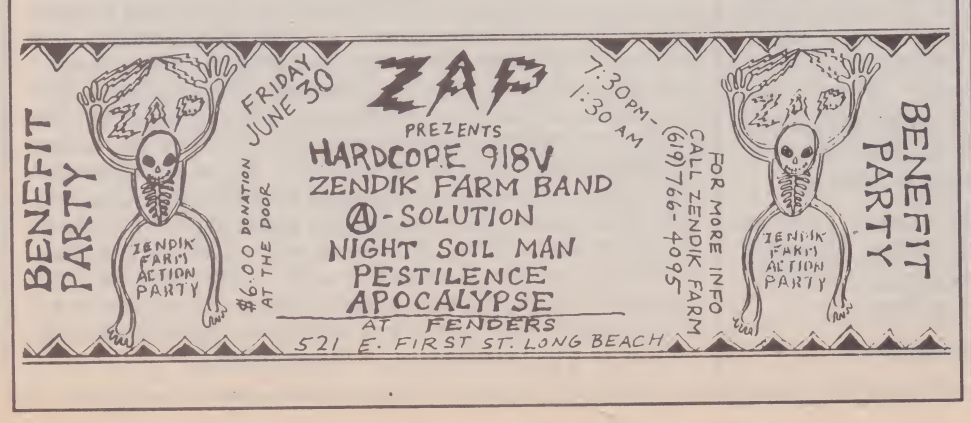
I really am sorry for the fuck up. I'll have to make the time to fine-tooth-comb everything contributors give me if I want this mag to be substantial in any way. Darby

Dear Darby,

Thanks for your kind letter! Ironically, I was going to drop a line voicing my anger, but I assume someone else got to you first!

Bad reviews are a reality of life, but twisted reviews hurt, especially when a band, label, etc. are trying to expand their small listenership. Most magazines would not send a letter like you sent. And, believe me, I appreciate it! As I might have stated in a previous letter, L.A. is a less than desirable place to be in a band that does not conform to what everyone else is doing. However, our groups have an even bigger problem, as we don't seem to fit in ANYWHERE! When the alternative types start putting us down, that leaves us nowhere to go! By reaching your hand out to us, you've definitely saved a relationship between your mag and my label. I'm planning to release many records in the future and there will be many more ads to push the discs.

I have believed, and been a part of the independent scene for many years. I am also a fan of many forms of over-the-edge, wild, uninhibited rock n' roll, especially rockabilly, surf, 60' punk-garage, late 70's Punk and whatever else comes from the heart and moves me. Un-



fortunately, my 60's fetish always gets misinterpreted into some kind of mainstream, psychedelic Woodstock Nation shit that I despise as much as heavy metal crap. Oh, I could go on, but I don't want to get into this historical and philosophical preaching I find myself getting into each time I try to explain myself. Anyway, what I was trying to say at the top of the paragraph is that everyone in the independent scene should work for a common goal, even if everyone's point of view and tastes differ, which is the way it should be anyway. And no, I'm not expecting eternal praise from anyone. Just an open ear, an open mind, a bit of support for getting out there and doing it, and then, an honest opinion! Thanks for your time! Your friend, Lee Joseph

I know we're going to make mistakes, it would be almost impossible not to. We're not going to try and hide them though and we especially don't want them to hurt other people. If you see an error inside BEN IS DEAD we'd appreciate it if you could write or call and bring it to our attention. — And though I can understand why anger is often a first reaction it may be smarter to ask for an explination before letting your temper run away with you Thanks — Darby.

We're getting lot's of encouraging letters, it's kinda cheesy to print them, but thanks to all the people who do write. It's always productive to hear your opinions.

All letters sent are subject to editing. If you don't want it printed please state so. For a written response please enclose a self addressed stamped envelope. If you have a name sign your letter.

MAYBE IT'LL HELP, MAYBE IT WON'T, BUT ANYWAY, HERE'S SOME SELF DESCRIPTIONS OF A FEW OF THE REVIEWERS/ WRITERS FOR THIS MAGAZINE, SO YOU CAN GET A BETTER IDEA OF THESE PEOPLE AND WHERE THEY ARE COMING FROM.

Sheryl A. Bence - Assertive • Modest • Responsive • Energetic • Germanic • Tattoos • Serious • Straight Edge • Vegetarian

Mike Snider - Eternally pissed off drunk who gets off on sonic blasts into the nether regions of consciousness.

Darby - Hates: liers, cheaters, money, big buisiness, government control, metal music, guitar solos, animal abuse, racism... Likes: Activity (to the point of confusion), punk-industrial-experimental music, creativity...

Ivy Schild - I have a cat named Jesus. I hate the GRATEFUL DEAD. I like child art, the BUTTHOLE SURFERS, NURSE WITH WOUND, ALICE COOPER.

Evan - CHROME is god. I like big noise, guitars, disgusting art. I hate wimpy music, TV and teenage straightedge bands.

Shannon - Aarg! I dig honesty - honest music - honest people. I have a great hatred for people who don't respect mother earth or the things that live here, irresponsibility, incensarity and folks full of bullshit wreck my life.

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FRONT COVER CONTEST

Calling all gravediggers, babysitters, students, doctors, photographers, biochemists, pedestrians, homosexuals, prostitutes, foreigners, etc...

BEN IS DEAD is proud to announce the 2nd unofficial FRONT COVER CONTEST
- sponsored by few in conjunction with nothing -

What You Must Do:

1. Make a front cover that is unique, thought provoking, aggressive, whatever...

2. Keep in mind our audience and their mothers. But, DO NOT restrict yourselves!

3. Send a mini bio or self explination of what and who you are and what you are about... 50 words or less. A recent photo of you or something equivilent. Your name, address and phone number.

4. Write the list of prizes from what you would like to receive most to the least. What we will do is divide the prizes trying to satisfy the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place winners prize requests in that order.

5. Mail it in as soon as possible to BEN IS DEAD MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, CA, 90028. Deadline is August 1st!

Note: If you can't do the typesetting please indicate in pencil or with an overlay and we will do it for you. The cover should include: BEN IS DEAD, Issue #6, September 2, 1989, and/or any other text you feel is necessary. • If you want to send in front cover artwork - but don't want to enter the contest, just say so.

Here's the list of those radical prizes you can chose from!

- Surprise Survival Kit by **BULIMIA BANQUET**
- "Don't Laugh You're Next" LP, **MANNEQUIN BEACH**
- **NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH,** 3 song 7" EP (orange), "Feeding the Hand That Bites" 12" EP
- **A.P.P.L.E,** "A Sensitive Fascist is Very Rare" 7" (red vinyl), "Plutocracy=Tyranny & Exploitation" LP
- **AMENITY,** 5 song EP (green vinyl)
- "Hiding From Fears" LP, **ANGEL OF THE ODD**
- The new **ALL** LP
- "Spiderbaby" EP, **SPIDERBABY**
- **CRINGER** "Zen Flesh Zen Bones" 7"
- **JEFF DAHL GROUP,** "Vomit Wet Kiss" LP (limited red vinyl), **t-shirt** (fuck etc... check BID issue #4 for design).
- The new **CHEMICAL PEOPLE** LP, "Tenfold Hate", singles & other memorabilia
- **WARWORLD** cassettes
- Books by **MR. BOHONUS**
- **COMPOSITE DRAWING** LP (U.S.A., L.A., U.K. underground compilation)
- **WASTED YOUTH,** "Regan's In" (1981)
- THE ALL NEW **DEATH RIDE '69** LP
- The live tape of the final SAVAGE REPUBLIC show; **FINAL REPUBLIC**
- A year subscription to **BEN IS DEAD** & the **BEN IS GOD** newsletter. (WOW!)

Donations by: Spiderbaby, Aztlan Records, Mordam Records, Jeff Dahl, Chemical People, (Ron) Cruz Records, Raunch Records, Bulimia Banquet, Mr. Bohonus, Cringer, Chemical People, Death Ride '69, Vinyl Communications. THANK YOU!

STORIES

I want to be a mother

By Peter Akroyd

I want to be a mother,
I'd be one like no other
I'd manipulate my children and tell them what to do
I wish I was a mother
Not a father or brother
I'd wear a bright green mumu
And complain about my flu
Now if I had my druthers,
I would like to be a mother,
My children I would smother
With love and clothes of blue
I'd choke them with emotion
Andspecializedskinlotions,
I'dstuntheirgrowth
With angry oaths
And break their minds in two
Now if I had daughter,
And I really think I ought to,
I'd feed her with my disbeliefs
And shape her just like me.
If I had a little son,
I'd buy him boots and guns,
And teach him how to kill things,
Oh come now can't you see!
Now one last small adjustment
I wouldn't need a husband
Idoubt I'dhavetoforcehim,
I'djuststraightoutdivorcehim.
And then I'd keep the children
And with false hopes I'd feed them
And keep them round until I found
A way to walk and chill them.

THE BATHROOM STALLS

This, almost touching piece, was discovered on the girls bathroom wall (1st stall to the door) of the CLINTON THEATER on Western. This $1.25 movie theater (they just raised it a quarter), the haven for the (anarchist???) Mex. & black families, and those who can't see paying near 6 bucks to see a flick. (Haven't heard mention of the word HONKEY since the Jefferson's was canceled). Just a taste on whats going on in your local stalls.

Just think.. if you're smart pass the word on
if we continue to live for killing ourselves, through gang violence and drugs - then we would have given the white man his wish.
Mexicans & Blacks of all gangs should stick together to fight these HONKEYS.
if we stick together HONKEYS will be terrified of us.
Black & Mexican together as a unity. They don't stand a chance cause we are the chosen people of god.

U2 on a radio
Outside it's America
Outside it's America
But it's grey out there
and damp as an old mans coff
But I'm the chick with the stick and I'm not in a pleasant mood
I can't wrestle an alligator but I could stare it down
And remember that girl you used to know, well she's peddling french toast in a halter top
In a place dedicated to pancakes and everytime she bends over her nipples flash pink
She does it for the tips
I know we are close but
I wanna fuck you like a stranger maybe on the Blvd.
Drive safe
Buckle up
Keep your hands and arms inside the coach at all times
I'm gonna reintroduce you to the beat of my silver earrings
Yeah I could dance to it
I wanna tell you the storys behind all my scars
again

- KAT

LOLLY GETS POPPED

One night, Lolly stayed late
at the neighborhood bar
and left after she puked
in her wine glass.

She opened the door
to the apartment and found
her roommate dead
from choking on a Jolly Rancher
candy.

She called 911
puked again, and went to find
her starving cat that she'd forgotten to
feed for nine days.

Her mother called to tell her
that the fruit cake Lolly sent for
Christmas had worms in it.

She burst into tears
and walked to the bathroom
to pop her zits, but the doorbell rang.

The ambulance drivers
stormed through the door
and hit Lolly in the face with a first aid
kit.

Each raped her twice,
then took her dead roommate and left.

She slept right where they left her, legs
open.

Waking with a terrible hangover, she
pulled herself to her feet and stumbled
to the kitchen for some scrambled
eggs, wondering where her roommate
was.

- Ivy Schild

THE GIANTS OF COMMERCE WHOSE WHIMS RULE THE COURSE OF OUR NATION

From the exterior, the building appears as nothing more than a cheerful little establishment which offers its public the opportunity to sample various taste sensations in the form of hamburgers and shakes. An enormous facade leers at potential customers, beckoning them into its awaiting claws.

Once inside, behind the silver counter, uniformed beings rush from here to there, cybernetic in their actions. With a dream-like expression which suggests mental retardation, they punch the keys of vast machines and carry styrofoam packets to the rows of louts who stand sulking in front of the counter. At the nearby tables, the creatures gorge themselves on the synthetic atrocities, removing them from their neat packages before forcing them into their gaping maws and chewing them into oblivion.

Oh, the horror of it all! If only the thin illusion were swept aside and the beasts were jolted out of their complacency!

In fact, this lovely multi-national corporation which feeds the middle class sheep of the world is really the very agent of our destruction - with each mouthful of packaged delight, every customer is contributing to the destruction of the world as we know it. When we are all writhing in the mud, screaming in anguish and humiliation, swimming in our own feces, then we will have Burger King to thank!! By helping to support the foundations of such a vulgar institution, they are all fueling the machine which is preparing to become our executioner.

By chopping the rain forests to buggery, by destroying the ozone layer, these murderous devils are slitting their own throats and everyone else's.

Behind the adorable Happy Meals lies corruption and deceit. Behind the neatly prepared burgers lies the callous extermination of millions of cows in factory farms across the globe.

Veneration of fast food is the very root of our current dilemma.

Death to the imperialist swine who strives to place us all in our graves.

- Dresden

GREEN OATMEAL ELECTRO-FUCK ON LEVEL SIX

By D. Krolz-6

Alan's spiritual existence rose from the large, color-coordinated dining area, replacing the spoon, the bowl and other objects within the magic reptile/plasma baby to be transformed by the miracle of genetic fusion. He watched the glowing screen of the television angrily as his favorite show, "Corpse Fuck Encyclopedia" was interrupted by a two faced squid orifice from Internal Affairs.

"... And so, we have chosen the reactive mucous fish embryo to represent Phyllis Diller in the Mutilation-Disruption Festival of 1957. The magnification of this event is ... " his message was cut off by a sudden, blinding crash of burnt flesh and trout plasma leftovers as the television danced helplessly in the rain.

"Goddamn fuckin' SHIT!" Alan cried in torment from a mess of shattered glass, furniture and writhing half-formed organisms. Some of them bit into his hands as he returned them to the oven.

"Baby-Honey, the Master Computer sees all! Copies us out, then we dry up! No explanations, no answers ... " Jenny had emerged from the Mexican

cont. on pg. 9

BEN IS DEAD SHOW REVIEWS

Reviewing bands is like pretending you're a parent. What is good and not good can never be an absolute decision. Opinions and reflections are what reviews are and no more.

SPIDERBABY, WARSAW COCKTAIL
Central
Fri, April 1

With issue #4 just out I hadn't been able to see a show in almost four weeks... I was desperate. WARSAW COCKTAIL is a four member outfit with a girl lead singer. The music is off from my usual preferences, being that it was melodic rock with a slight metal flavor. The music captures you and the screaming vocals keep your attention. I sense an early 80's style energy which teases like Blondie and the hard rock sound of early Heart. "Shattered" is obviously their hit song (or should be) (or shudoobee), the music and especially the vocals are both at their high point during this number.

SPIDERBABY was next and much more along my lines. They complained that they were waiting 5 hours from sound check before going on stage and because of that they were completely drunk. Some rock with a 60's melody; twisted and eerie. A fantastic cover of "Pablo Picasso" that any fan of industrial-noise-thrashy-alternative would have loved. While other times they sound somewhat similar to DOWNEY MILDEW and RAIN PARADE perhaps. Lots of simple, repetitive choruses. They don't seem to be restricting themselves musically, though they do have a style of their own. There is a closeness and realness that you feel when you see them while their stage performance is aggressive and fun... this band displays all the excitement of a band that is just starting out... hope they don't loose it.
- Darby

DEATH RIDE '69, HOUSE OF LARGE SIZES, DISTORTED PONY
Al's Bar
Sat, April 5

I had never been to Al's before, and I was first amazed at how raw the inside of the place was and secondly amazed to find out how reasonable the beer prices were. Because we got there early, we got to see DISTORTED PONY soundcheck, then wait awhile, and then play a really loud set of thumping, textured tunes. They remind me of a somewhat slower, more depressed BIG BLACK with even stranger guitar harmonies, extra distortion and a real live percussion player. I have to commend them for continuing to play the last of their set even though the p.a. went crazy with feedback because the soundman had abandoned his post. Check 'em out if you're up for a heavy, noisy, harmonic assault on your brain. HOUSE OF LARGE SIZES were up next and for never hearing anything about them before (except that they came from the same town as FULL FATHOM FIVE) they won with me. They played simple but very original songs and were tight as hell. Their basic honesty and musicianship reminded me of early FIREHOSE. I'll have to find a record of these guys. Now, I'd seen DEATH RIDE a few times before, but not with the new line up. Improvement is the key word here; a new bass player (Buck) and guitar player (Ethan) have tripled the potential of this band. Bonus points go to Ethan's drumming and running the tape player through effects to create another "instrument." Now, if they could only can the obnoxious dancers...
- Evan

NO COMMENT, THE GRIM, BULIMIA BANQUET, FINAL CONFLICT, RKL
Country Club (Mugwamp Productions)
Sat., April 5

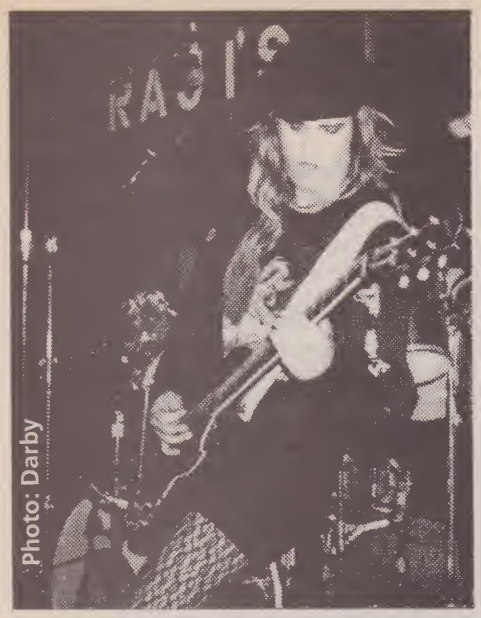
Well the night was set and I was ready for some fun. I got there a little late for the sold out show and missed NO COMMENT, so I was just in time to see the GRIM (oh boy). *The editor will now edit for fear of GRIM repetitiveness, read end of article.* BULIMIA BANQUET was next. I really love this band, they're alot of fun. At first I thought I was going to be disappointed, as they were a bit sloppy, but by the second song they were throwing up some gut wrenching punk rock! Some of the crowd didn't seem too enthused but as the set went on and Mia (the newest and very talented member) dove off the stage, the pit expanded and the crowd became a flurry of excitement. Some guys trying to look up Jula Bell's dress got a surprise as she returned their attentions with comments like, "NO, I'M NOT A FEMINIST." It's good to see a girl in a band making it without peddling her ass!! You have my respect J.B! They played some great new stuff... see these guys!

Now for FINAL CONFLICT, the band I was really there to see. The last time I saw these guys a Nazi skinhead hit me over the head with a beer bottle (I think I'm in love). Energy - this is punk music!! They opened up by saying "We don't trust any form of political party because they all screw their own people." Great! I agree!! Lots of excitement although I wish the people in the crowd would leave their gang shit outside. As far as I'm concerned punks should be united, not trying to kill eachother. Get a clue!! What do you stand for? Listen to the lyrics. Good, strong, tight show as usual, unfortunately this was their last show with lead singer Ron.

RKL was next. I had never seen these guys live before. The crowd really seemed to like them. They are very strong musicians, though, for me, it has to be more than that. What do they stand for? Drugs? Jail? Drunkenness? An ideal life for some but not for me. They really got the crowd going with songs like Lies and Sarcasm and an old KISS cover. After the show the lead singer told BEN IS DEAD that they were going to go speed metal in order to make money (to support their habits) and be more popular. Bye guys!

One last thing, as a punk I realize you don't have to have a mohawk or shaved head to share our beliefs, but if you don't share them leave us alone. We get enough oppression from society without getting it at our own gigs!! It's about time we became united and stood up for what we believe! Remember, stay united and "Eat the Rich"!!
- Terr

This note starts off on the GRIM but in general speaks to all punk bands and members who have converted to metal while trying to convince us they're still playing punk music. The GRIM may feel personally attacked by the fact that our reviewers (different ones) do not like their music. Well, although I have yet to have written a review on this band, I, as the editor, am, like usual, the one to be "attacked" back. So, I got another bad review of them and I thought, "This is getting rude. I really shouldn't print these reviews of them anymore." Yeah, why write tons of reviews on this band when I can't find anyone who likes them (and that doesn't mean them as people or their previous accomplishments of being the oldest SF Valley punk party bands - yeah, I even saw them at parties five years ago). But, let me tell you why it may seem as if we are picking on this band. They are playing at punk shows and they are playing metal music. I (and BID reviewers) are not the only ones who think so - check out the latest issue of Flipside Magazine with an interview of the GRIM. Here's some pieces of it. Mouse (interviewer): I've known you guys from the beginning - from the Mystic days... and if I remember correctly you were one of the bands that critisized the crossover metal bands. Now you are one of the last bands to make the transition. Shawn (?drummer): In those days we only had 1 guitar player in the band and Bob wouldn't play many leads. Mouse: So, you guys never went metal cause you only had one guitar player. Tim (singer): We'd never go metal - I hate metal. Mouse: What do you mean you hate metal? Look what you guys are playing now. You're about as speed metal as they come. Tim: No way. Mouse: I'm not talking about looks and influences. I'm not talking about what he listens to in his spare time or what his hair looks like or if he wears a DANZIG t-shirt. I'm talking about what the band sounds like. Jason: It's influenced by metal Mike (guitar player). Tim: We'll, we started out as a punk band and we still are but we have to move on. We are not playing straight hardcore all the time, we have to progress. END QUOTES *I think punk shows need more variety, yeah (a lot of times all the bands in one night could be the same band). But variety at a punk show should not mean playing metal music. And if it does, then it should not be called a punk show, or you'll end up with a confused audience and confused reviewers. I understand that there is a big problem with 'punk' bands and*



Sylvia Juncosa

that is one of progress. As the years roll on these bands have learned how to play their instrument and want to show the audience. But, progress is turning punk music (guitars especially) into metal music and well, metal's been around longer than punk so how can that be progressive? It is not. It is called change and these bands don't want to admit to it. Now, I am not trying to put these bands down for what they are doing (?) but I think they are leaving themselves in a strange position. I think they want to keep their punk label cause they don't want people to think they sold out, or maybe they don't want to loose their old audience,... But aren't they playing their music to the wrong people, aren't they loosing their possible metal audience? So these bands want to progress but just end up changing and in the mean time creativity has been lost in the shuffle. How many times can we see the same fucking types of bands play the same kind of music that we've heard too many times before. Loosing this GRIM thing and just talking in general, bands seem to have forgotten their potential and have their eyes lined up to labels and MTV. I know it's hard to survive as a band without money — but when you really think about it, why bother if you are just in it for the money. Good music is for fun, energy, excitement, friends, and a major part is creativity. Creativity is what this town is lacking. Bands, you have the stage - don't you see, you can do anything. You have our undivided attention - entertain us!

MOTORCYCLE BOY, NEW IMPROVED GOD
Music Machine
Sat., April 8

The entertainment of sorts begin with a video of NEW IMPROVED GOD's (dream to be) MTV hit. So catchy I can't remember its name, though the production was well done. Full with rock star jumps and yelps, you can't help but think that's where they are coming from and that's where they are going. I talked with one of their members a while ago and I remember him stating that they (N.I.G.) fit into any crowd. If it's a punk, rock, glam audience... whatever, they could fit in. The chameleon band I wondered. And he and I were both right... influences are from all sides rock-punk-metal-glam-rap. No, that's not unique... conformist rock could be a new style or conformist L.A. rock that is. Mixed in with this puree was a few moments of good sounds. Some regurgitated punk that sounded too clean, a lot of uniform background chorus singing. Overall, I didn't get much out of it...

MOTORCYCLE BOY was next and start out the set at their intellectual best, singing "I've got a rats nest full of hair and I'm gonna get some, hu hu hu." (Or at least close to that) (NO, lyrics do not have to be meaningful...). This could have been the same as the previous band except I liked the MOTORCYCLE BOY vocals better. Also, the music is more rock oriented - in an almost 50's rock and roll fashion. It is simple and easy in most aspects. I kinda like their Teen Beat image... Their lead singer is idol bound and as long as he gets in no motorcycle accidents is a great pretty boy lead.

- Darby

THE BOLESHEVICS, THE GROOVIE GHOULIES, L7, GWAR
Fenders
Sunday, April 9

THE BOLSHEVICS started out with a disgusting attention-getter regarding hamburger, done by a strange person who then cartwheeled off the stage to let a very energetic group jump in. They reminded me of a bunch of college art school students (however I don't know their background) doing some cool music with a lot of humor and political overtones. Dressed in a sort of army gear, they did some great covers and changed the words to fit their ideas very conveniently. They did a total parody of rap, making fun of homeboys, wearing some pink plastic chains and shaking a tambourine, using the words to "Holiday in the Sun". Personally, I think any one who would do that at FENDERS has got balls. "Welcome to the Soundcheck" a parody of one of my favorites (ha ha) GUNS AND ROSES, to a version of "Wild in the Streets" by THE CIRCLE JERKS and a couple of other greats, reminiscent of STIFF LITTLE FINGERS... The crowd was pretty subdued and not really knowing what to make of these guys only to be told by the singer "Hey buddy, the ANTHRAX concert is down the street."

THE GROOVIE GHOULIES were up next, who proved to be not very groovy. They were a strange looking group, that included the lead singer/guitarist wearing a black lace body stocking with a hot pink shirt over it, with black stuff all over his face, and a great big necklace made of skulls and bones. Actually, it looked like they should have been GWAR groupies. Unoriginal music (lots of covers), but fun stage appearance.

L-7 was up next, a band I have heard a lot about. They were OK, a four piece all girl band that knew their shit, and had talent enough to play hard, loud and fast, and be able to get away with it. JOAN JETT would have been proud. They did a good version of EDDIE AND THE SUBTITLES "American Society."

GWAR, GWAR, GWAR.... what can I say?!?!?!?! There is no words that can describe this bunch of maniac geniuses. The show proved to be one of the most entertaining things I've seen in a long time. Their stage show was based on a four round wrestling match, each round incorporating a new character in the book of GWAR madness. Their stage props consisted of various blood spurting bodies and large weaponry, a large toilet (stuff inside included), a strange lamb/animal creation, and a bunch of other gory GWAR fun stuff. No one escaped unslimed by these comic book-escapees. Any band that can combine this amount of musical and visual stimuli is divine.

- Gen O. Cide

HARDCORE 918V, LAST ROUNDUP, INSECTICIDE
Anti-Club
Thurs., April 13

Met the singer of HARDCORE 918V before the show and I asked about their sound. He told me it was speed metal - more metal than punk. Well, here I am... I totally hate metal... o.k. I totally dislike it immensely, it makes me throw up often and... well this guy was kinda big and all... The fact is that when you write reviews of bands it is often safer not to know the people before hand... Anyway, the band goes on and, as with all the bands tonight, the guitar was metally inclined. But, the music was hardcore.., speedcore... and overall was closer to home than most of the other punk bands I've seen lately. The second band was INSECTICIDE. Another band true to the roots of punk sounds; heavy and hard. They seemed to have gotten lost a bit... kinda like a middle child and I really didn't see enough of their show to give more of an opinion on them. I do believe it was LAST ROUND-UP, the last band, who enticed me to see this show in the first place, stating that they sounded like *old* BLACK FLAG, CIRCLE JERKS and SUICIDAL TENDENCIES. And you heard the metal sound/solo in each and every song they did. But luck was on my side -

Tragic Mulatto

TYPO'S ERRORS & BRAINLESSNESS FROM ISSUE #4
(Once you've printed you can't click undo)

THEE FORGIVEN
- Go to "letters" section.

ART PHAG
- I said they sounded like the MENTORS but I meant the METEORS.

AND THERE WERE PROBABLY MORE...

that (guitar) aspect was short and sweet and the band did remind me a lot of the old LA punk bands mentioned. Not too speed... funny, simple lyrics. Yeah, if there are any interested in that kind of music you should catch these guys, and the other bands of tonight.

One more note: While the show was cool the crowd was well beyond pathetic. I don't know about most of you but this "homeboy punk" or "homeboy slam" (dance style) as you might call it is really lame. But then again at least they were moving.

- Darby

Tragic Mulatto

POI DOG PONDERING, ANN DEJARNETT
Bogarts
Fri., April 14

So the reason I came to this show was to see POI DOG and the BOLSHEVIKS. Of course I missed the latter for the thousandth time. I mean I've wanted to see them but never got close to doing so since, for some reason, they don't get around L.A. too often. I wonder why? So we ran to the blues lounge again for those fries and I swear I saw the worst band I have ever seen in my whole entire life. God, lucky for them I don't know their name... it was really scary. So, before the food, ANN DEJARNETT came on and I went to take a look. Let's just say it is NOT my style. With a folky/country sound, it was just to basic to hit any alternative bone in my body. Strong vocals, together musicians, *boring* and distant stage show (very anti-personality).

POI DOG PONDERING is next and what a disappointment. The band is suppose to be from Hawaii, though it has grown since last time I was familiar with them and now many of their members are from different places throughout the U.S. (I think there are seven or so in the band now and only three are from Hawaii). Really, the only aspect of this band I could appreciate were the lyrics... "Love is everything, everything's a distraction" and other nonsense about oatmeal and stuff (but those were from old songs and I didn't catch the lyrics from the newer ones). Now, if I was God, I'd let the lead singer and the girl keep their singing positions (the lead singer has a nice, distinctive voice - somewhere around Morrisey as far as characteristic voices go). The simultaneous singing by three or more band members is too much and with the horns (which I'd loose also... even though he is a great horn player) they sound too big band. Big band like the POGUES got... you know, this music should be more simple and straight on, like it was when they first started. Like it was before they even got near the U.S. The vocals and big band man power is enough to make this band a commercial success, but for me, I'll stick to those handpainted cassettes I so luckily snatched up at Texas Records a few years back.

- Darby

FLAMING LIPS, NATIONAL PEOPLES GANG
Bogart's
Thurs., April 20

Well, as usual I missed the first band. We got to see the second one, though, unfortunately. NATIONAL PEOPLES' GANG seemed to me a poor imitation of JANE'S ADDICTION. We were bored after ten minutes and went out to the lobby where we could talk about more interesting things.

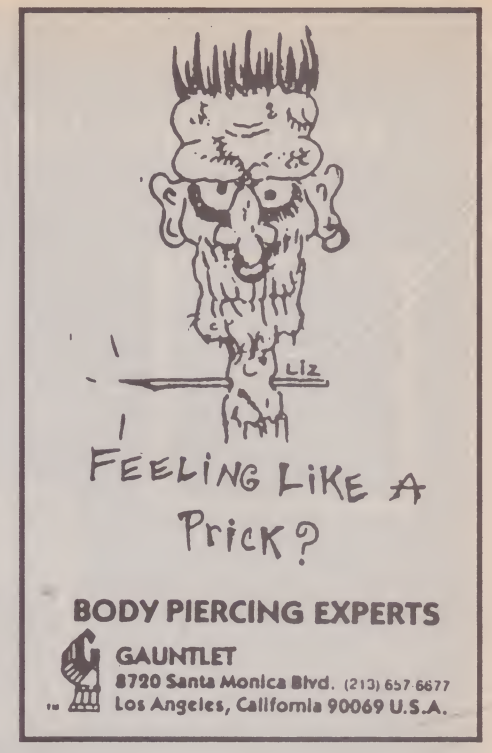
The FLAMING LIPS, however, aroused all of my five senses with fog machines, rainbow tape guitars, afros, strobe lights, and high, high volume. After invading the audience with enough fog to choke us all, the stage lights came on (we still couldn't see the band through the fog) and we got hit with their rendition of "Holidays in the Sun." After a few songs from the new record, "Telepathic Surgery", including a mega distorted version of "UFO Story," when the mist cleared we got to see just how insane they all were up there. Everything seemed pretty chaotic at times, but toward the end of the songs, things got pulled together like it was meant to be that way. The people in front of us were frying out of their heads and found the whole scene a little too intense I think. Speaking of frying, however, I was really glad when the band made fun of Acid House clubs and music, saying that they went to an Acid House club in Europe and were assaulted by music from the FAT BOYS. Jesus, I love acid, and the FAT BOYS aren't part of my trip, either. The FLAMING LIPS have got it dialed.

- Ivy

SWALLOW, BLACKBIRD, MY SIN
Raji's
Thurs., April 20

To start the evening off was a band called SWALLOW. Decked out in baseball caps, two of the three of this hesher bunch were shoeless. And when one of the guitarists asked the audience for some food, I wanted to rush off and get them some dinner. The music was nothing fantastically new, sort of post-punk, hard-rock. Many good faster songs and too many slow ones. Towards the end they talked between eachother as to whether or not they would play one last song. Two wanted to, while one didn't and they argued with a "well", "no", "come on", "maybe"... The weeknight audience didn't say a word and they played another one anyway. It's always refreshing to see real personalities on stage.

Next BLACKBIRD start up, slower than snails. (I'm no expert on this band, being that I've never heard them before, but both members (brothers) are of a previously well known punk band, the DILS. So the first song starts out basic (guitar/vocals), with awfully hickish vocals (that didn't seem to fit into most of the music they played). Few minutes into the song and they're accompanied by a drum machine and it turns into alternative, KROQ... almost dance. So, I'm patiently waiting for this song to end but it ends up that it's one long song (well the drum machine never stops). Throughout there were good and bad moments - Overall good and fairly unique concept but the songs dragged out to much.



MY SIN, a one man project, was the last to perform tonight. While the recreation of music is normally the objective of most live performances, many experimental type bands, especially one or two man/woman bands, find it difficult, if not impossible to recreate their songs live. As far as what was produced live for us tonight, the singer sang all of his songs to the backdrop of his 'equipment' that played his previously recorded music (minus a few dials turned here and there). In between breaks he ran about, clutching his beer, like a nervous artist. A video tape and two T.V.'s played to us as the part of the visual stimuli and barely accomplished that because of the long wait for a VCR since his broke down. The music was a far cry from the norm. and has disturbingly odd qualities that intice rather than distract. Though maybe not yet in full form as a live performer, there is definately something to look for here as far a recorded music goes.

- Darby

TRAGIC MULATTO, EX-VOTO, SYLVIA JUNCOSA
Raji's
Saturday, April 22

EX-VOTO opens on this Saturday night extravaganza at Raji's. They played many of the gothic faves that seemed a bit out of place for this club and crowd though they went over o.k. Although the band has been putting in a good effort towards singing the songs themselves I do not believe they have the same charisma and intensity that they had before the lose of their leading man. They introduced a few of the newer songs

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Black Daphne • The Pace

June 9th
ROXX GANG
Chosen Few • Das Psycho Rangers

June 12th
ELECTRIC LOVE MUFFINS
647 F • Babylonion Tiles

June 13th
CRUZADOS • NOISEWORKS
Rattlin' Bones

June 16th
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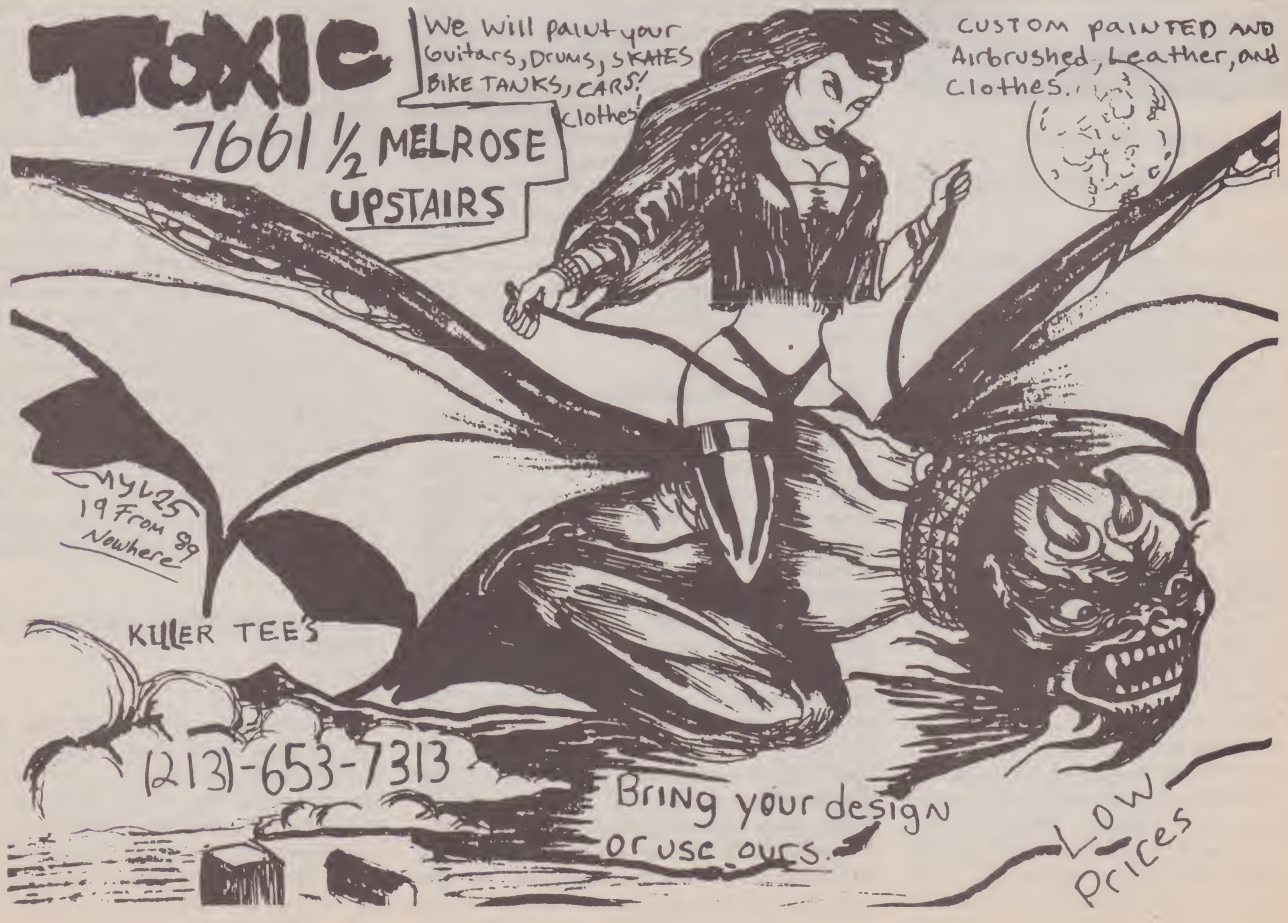
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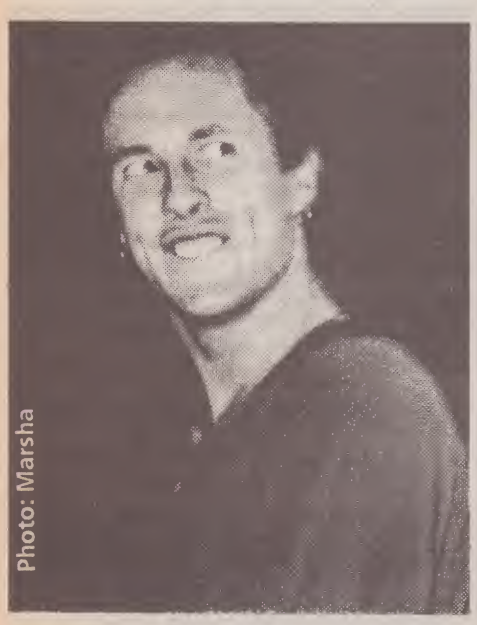
tonight, some were creative while the last sounded like a commercial dance hit making me a little confused as to what direction they are trying to go in.

I have never heard the music of this next artist SYLVIA JUNCOSA though there has been quite some noise about her, around L.A. at least. This girl makes her guitar sing and has the talent of knowing when to jam and when to hold off. The music is a sort of 70's hard rock with punk overtones that bring it into a more progressive standing. One of the comments I do agree with is that her vocals are a bit weak and they seem to draw from some of the songs... she's got the feel of her music but there is not enough power and is a bit incongruous. Though she seemed a bit wiped



Singer/The Wonder Stuff

out tonight, overall she's pretty hot and should be checked out.

The next band was a little too much for most of the audiences experimental minds. There are things that are sick and distorted. The things that touch on those nerves of repression and perversity, many of us are unable to react well with. Avoiding the situation is an easy way out (and much of the audience did run out) but for those of us whose curiosity overrides our fears we were treated to something more than simply the grotesque and peculiar. Being that this band TRAGIC MULATTO is from San Fransisco and that they are on one of the most appreciated labels, Alternative Tentacles, was enough of a reason to spark my interest. They appeared on stage as a very gregarious bunch. The lead singer, slightly overweight, dressed in plastic bubbles and a teddy worn as a girdle. Plastic boots that her fat hung over and a pointed futuristic (electrical tape) bra of sorts. This band is a crack up. Starts off and the singers tits are taped together with a plastic strand that connected her with the pole in the middle of Raji's. The vocals were loud, obnoxious and rude. She tooted on the sax and a few other *blow* instruments which gave off an industrial/high school marching band from hell feel. Adding to their intensity were two drummers; another hefty girl and a guy, plus their guitarist and bassist — they were all unique. Let's just say, if you are open for the outrageous and dig on cool(very alternative) tunes, you just have to see this band to believe it.

- Darby

SCREAM, BLAST!, AGAINST THE WALL, INSTEAD, NATIONS ON FIRE, REASON TO BELIEVE
Country Club
April 29
mission: to smell what no man has smelt before

Due to boneheaded bouncers blocking the view and screwy soundmen ordering observers (including photographers) to clear the stage, almost the whole show was a wash. What's the point of watching a band perform that can't even be seen? Other than that, most of the bands were darn good.

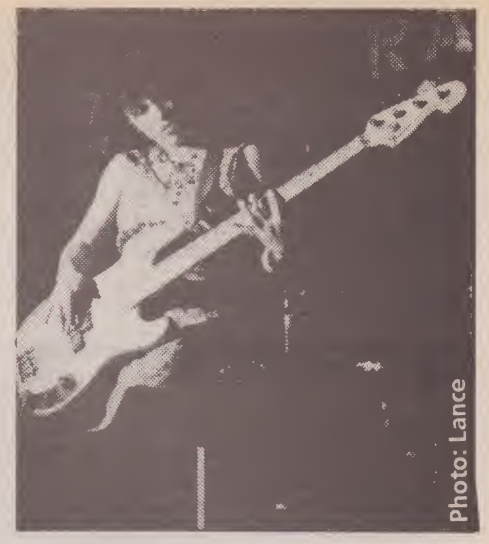
REASON TO BELIEVE, on Nemesis Records, warmed up the Country Club with catchy jumpy tunes. More importantly than the music is the fact the lead singer was white and had a head full of dreadlocks. NATIONS ON FIRE started of with a pretty hot set, not so much visually pleasing but had been able to cream the corned beef. During INSTEAD and AGAINST THE WALL, I must have gone into straight-edge comatose (a common disease where prepubic children have so much preaching shoved down their throat that large black X's appear on their hands and their minds are shut off from any view but their own). Bla...Bla...BLACK FLAG?! No, it's BLAST! Perhaps they are criticized too much for sounding like BLACK FLAG, but BLAST! is the only band around that remotely sounds like the notorious band, while their refined energy and power far exceeds the legal limits of my electric razor. BLAST! played what they could in the time allowed. Many of the songs were off the brand spankin' new LP release. After the frustrated Clifford explained that the audience was getting ripped off, they played "Fuckin' With My Head" to appease concert-goers. Expecting much more, SCREAM played a considerably sedate set. So mellow, in fact, that the bouncers had to leave the stage because they began to nod off.

- Lance

WRECKAGE
Electric Temple
Thurs., ?

At first, wary about the fact that WRECKAGE is the new band of Tony Lestat, ex-lead singer of the

Blast



Bassist/Babes In Toyland

gothic-style band, LIKE WRECKAGE, this reviewer was unsure about what to expect. But, shock, stun, surprise, WRECKAGE are nothing similar to LIKE WRECKAGE. They have energy, power and they recapture a lot of the feeling of early British punk. WRECKAGE opened their set with a gloomy KILLING JOKE-style intro and then burst into an explosive song called "Weird Woman." The lead guitarist even does back-flips while he's playing and the rhythm guitarist is none other than Tracey Lee Wolfgang from JOHNNY AND THE DINGBATS. The band did covers of THE DARK's "The Masque", (which is the one song that needs little more polishing), and "Black Leather" by the SEX PISTOLS. This tune got the audience going, and from what I heard, was apparently even enjoyed by one GLEN MATLOCK, who was at the Electric Temple that night! Pretty cool for a first gig, huh? All in all, WRECKAGE gave a very good (read: "crowd-pleasing") performance. They could be tighter (more practice will take care of that). But, if my musical ear is correct, good things are in store for WRECKAGE. Catch them the next time they play.

- A/A Sickness

THE WONDER STUFF
Whiskey A Go-Go
Tues., May 2

Sometimes taking a chance on bigger bands (or those that get a lot of good press) ends up being a big waste of time. Also, moneywise they are easy to shy away from especially when you've never heard them before... I never heard this band before... no not even their radio hit or hits. But taking into account that the reviews were good AND that they were from England (so I'm a little prejudice), I decided take a look for myself.

We arrived at the worst moment - the change between bands, and boy, was it a long one. (It said in the L.A. Weekly that the vehicle with all their equipment was towed). Glancing around at the crowd (and it was close to max), I was completely confused as to what kind of music was to be played here tonight. (There was one person from each stereotype with lots of plain Janes and worker Joes thrown about). Finally the show begins and from step one there was no lull in my attention span. Many musical styles at their best were joined together to create some of the most refreshing music I've heard in a while. This was catchy and danceable without being softcore, sissy, psychedelic, la la crap. So their attitude

was a little off from positive (is this the new U.K. anarchy) but being young and good looking and typically English, they were able to pull it off o.k. - except for the under the breath comments (directed towards the audience) by the lead singer. As if he was trying to put us, you know, Americans, down. (Or maybe he was mumbling about his equipment being towed away). Spit it out boy. Anyway, I left this show very satisfied. You dance type/alternative fans should check them or their album out.

- Darby

BABES IN TOYLAND, HONEYMOON KILLERS

Raji's

Fri., May 5

Only seeing the last few songs of their set, I had really wished BABES IN TOYLAND played a bit longer. Next to working a meat grinder, there is not much else that could be as enjoyable as this three-piece, all-girl (a definite plus) band from Minneapolis, Minnesota. These chicks played music that would make any bodies garage envious. Besides the fact that all the members of BABES IN TOYLAND were female, the drummers well tuned voice and drum/noise kit had served as the backbone to bring vivacity to Raji's. HONEYMOON KILLERS had thrown the whole evening off track by introducing the only male to perform on stage. They have tonal qualities that played to please the ear.

- Lance

SOCIAL JUSTICE, INSTED, SLAPSHOT, UNIFORM CHOICE

Country Club

May 5th

I got the feeling that most of the people at the show were there to see INSTED. People stage diving, singing along and having a really great time! I was there to see UNIFORM CHOICE, but was very, very impressed with this band. Good

Photo: Marla Tate

Singer Wreckage

music - socially aware. I even found a flyer they put out about butcher houses. This is a band after my own heart. They played songs like "Face to Face", "Tell Me it's Not too Fuckin' Late" and a new one called "Get the Most." SLAPSHOT's lead singer was Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines, while the band was a long hair/skinhead mix. I really liked these guys, and the crowd seemed to also. I saw pogo-ing!! WOW!! "Chip on my Shoulder," "In Your Face," "Something to Prove," "Get me Out," were just a few songs they did. Fat people shouldn't stage dive. If you see one, RUN!! UNIFORM CHOICE opened by dedicating their first song to the bouncer that beat up a girl on stage... "Big Man, Small Mind" Yeah, some girl got beat so bad she had to go to the hospital. Hopefully, she'll press charges. Except for the fact that there was a lot of time between songs, they really went off. The singer got pulled into the crowd, he didn't seem to mind as much as the bouncers. They didn't play long but everyone seemed to have a good time.

- Terr

S.N.F.U., VISUAL DISCRIMINATION

Fenders

Sat., May 6

Having to take public transportation into Long Beach is an adventure in itself. Arriving just in time, I got to see VISUAL DISCRIMINATION really mess things up. This Orange County based band is solely responsible for the destruction of all preconservatives in the southern hemisphere, not to mention they play some pretty good music. They had their quota of stage dives performed by the members of the VD Army as they played their hard driving rock, which is equally destructive as bowl of cauliflower and beans in an retirement home. I don't know who said that SNFU's first album was their best album (which stunk worse than Oprah Winfrey's belly button juice), it is not a good reference to their live performance. They rocked loud and raspy. The singer, in his dress and gardening gloves, was flipping his hair all over the place while squirted whipped cream all over the audience and did the dead chicken dance all over stage.

- Lance

JACK BAKER ("Stix" on Happy Days)**. BENEFIT**

The Music Machine

Sun., May 7

Featuring **WRECKAGE, HARSH, FLOWER LEPERDS, SLAPSHOT, CHEMICAL PEOPLE, ROGUE'S GALLERY, HAUNTED GARAGE, THE GRANDMOTHERS**

WRECKAGE started this here thing off tonight, and I got to review the first band, who consists of one member who writes for this mag (and actually finishes off this show review). But no favoritism is played here, actually, I was apprehensive about seeing this band. Tony's last band (Like Wreckage) was not among my favorites. With his new band, WRECKAGE, I didn't imagine there could be so much of a change. Yes, they were actually enjoyable and as far as my review goes, it's similar to our other review of this band so I might as well not waste space. (See WRECKAGE at the Electric Temple).

Continuing from where Darby left off, the second band up was HARSH, who have a sort of metal dirge approach to what is basically a punk band in slow gear. Pretty tight set, some good strong vocals and I sense sincerity in what they do. I think a few faster songs would be in order, but they seem to know where they are going, so fair enough. Following hard on their heels (and I do mean hard) were the FLOWER LEPERDS and these guys were damned good. Lots of elements in their music none the less turn them towards a punk sound. Fronted by former ADOLESCENT Tony Cadena, they tore through a tight power house of a set and not having seen them before, I was honestly impressed with the excellent musicianship. SLAPSHOT were a last minute addition to the band line-up, in town from back East to play THE COUNTRY CLUB. These hardcore kings from "back there"

HOW TO ADVERTISE IN BEN IS DEAD

Since we are receiving very few ads (from those that we don't hound), we have come to the conclusion that the possible advertisers either #1 - are having money problems, #2 - don't like this magazine, or #3 - are too lazy to figure out how to go about placing an ad in BEN IS DEAD... Imaginging that #3 falls upon at least most, we have decided that a detailed explination was in order. Read on.

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Look on the credits page of Ben Is Dead magazine for ad sizes and prices. Decide what ad size/price is most suiting to your needs. Design an ad that best represents your store and/or what you are trying to sell.

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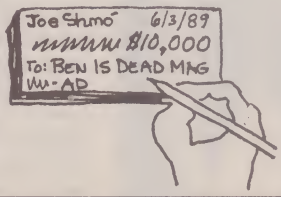

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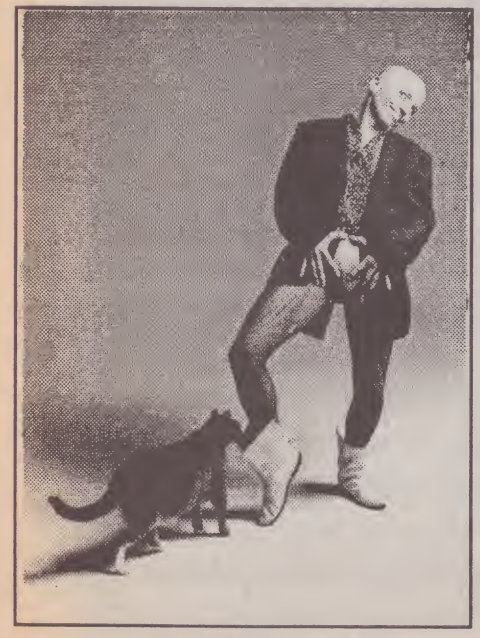
hit the stage, caused mayhem and ear damage, were musically superb and do sound a lot like MINOR THREAT. Next up were the musical embodiment of a good fuck film, THE CHEMICAL PEOPLE. Okay, we all know of their porno fixation, but when you cut through the hype and bullshit, what you have is a powerful rock trio with good songs, great stage presence and musicians that really know how to use their instruments. Punk and metal influenced, but they retain their individuality. Jack Baker joined them on stage for a cover of "Black Throat" (which is available as a single) as did various musicians and friends. ROGUE'S GALLERY was Baker's own band and I was pleasantly suprised. A combination of styles go together to make for a pretty darned good rock 'n roll band. HAUNTED GARAGE were in real good form tonight and did many of their best known tunes with lots of energy and a suprising lack of props and gore, which I actually found refreshing. Finally THE GRANDMOTHERS took the stage featuring most (if not all) of THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION, minus of course, Frank Zappa. For a band that has not played together in five years and only had one rehersal before the show, they were as impressive as a band can be. A good selection of "classic" songs were performed and for the die-hard fans who came, they most certainly didn't dissapoint.

There is a sad note here. All the good intentions of promoter Eric Caiden amounted to a cash loss of over $1200! The benefit to pay the hospital bills of Baker, (who was beaten up by a gang outside his home some weeks back) actually left all involved out of pocket, with no money going to Baker at all. Granted the choice of a Sunday was not the best to have this show on, but with an excellent line-up like this one, couldn't just a few more of you have gotten off of your butts and come on down? A second benefit is now being organized for a Friday or Saturday night soon, to pay off debts incured from the first benifit and to perhaps make some money for Jack Baker's hospital fees. He has always supported the scene and the bands within it. Hats off to Eric Caiden for caring... P.S A (well shot) video of this show will be out soon. Get info. from Hollywood Book and Poster, on Las Palmas in Hollywood.

- Tony Lestat



Frank Discussion

POTATOES, TRASHCAN SCHOOL
Raji's
Wed., May 17

The POTATOES start off fine, actually great considering it's a weeknight. I love these catchy tunes, and they opened with one off their demo I liked alot. Some of the songs tonight seemed weak because of the sound probably, while sometimes it was when the singer didn't sing into the mic. He (the singer) looks like he belongs at some ska gig and even throws in some fun ska antics. He actually sounded like Buster of BAD MANNERS when he talked (or did I just imagine it). Their last song could have easily been cut in half and the guitarist was itchin' to play solo's all night (or did I just imagine it). Now I'm confusing myself - where was I last night? This band is fun.

Next up, and last for me, was TRASHCAN SCHOOL. The songs are on a straight line - as in consistent, repetitive, while still much more interesting then most of the L.A. music of late. The sound was post-punk, simple structure with occasional sax accompaniments. The singer was from a strange planet; wore a turquoise tank with turquoise shoes to match, while his black shimmery jean-type pants made him look like he didn't make it to the bathroom on time. (But maybe that's why the Mexicans selling oranges on the street have been checking him out). So, I liked the show... and you could have slammed if you really wanted to.

- Darby

THE STRAWBERRY FIELDS
Suffragette City
Sun., ?

Four guys playing love songs. Sounds too good to be true, right? Wrong! THE STRAWBERRY FIELDS' first L.A. show was a tasty hors-d'oeuvre of what this group plans to serve up to L.A. Melodic on the cutting edge of pretty. Richly textured, just a bit reminiscent of the late 60's, but with a truly modern feel. With their moving lyrics, hauntingly evocative melodies and pulsating rhythm section, this band is almost too intelligent to be considered pop. Almost. The crowd was scarce that night. Not surprising, as the club has only been open a couple of weeks. (Should be a decent alternative for Sunday night, once it gets going.) Unfortunately, this hurt the band's performance. There is nothing worse than watching a good band play to an empty room. Also, they went on late and had to cut the set almost in half. But, despite these setbacks, they managed to deliver an energetic and highly entertaining show. This reviewer would like to see more of them.

- Scott Luis

Movies

"RE-SEARCH" by Survival Research Labs of San Francisco showed at the Nuart Theatre on Santa Monica Blvd. in early May. The show was a collection of early S.R.L.'s works: Baited Trap, Will To Provoke, A Bitter Message of Hopeless Grief and Pranks.

These films freaked me out. I was emotionally disturbed upon viewing the work, but afterwards, when I started to assimilate the information presented - I developed a sort of appreciation.

The film upsets because it challenges our conceptions of limits - personal, moral, whatever. Frank Discussion, lead singer of the FEEDERZ, in Pranks, is performing at Gilman St., in San Francisco, with dead animals around his neck. Apparently, he murdered his neighbors' animals (a large dog and a tabby cat) and then "put on the dog" for the show. I was totally revolted. Bitter Message of Hopeless Grief and Will To Provoke both depicted industrial warfare; huge machines of awesome destruction were specially built and then set against each other. Giant, buzz saws, unrelenting, stalking creepers with animal bones bolted to them attack one another with a seeming sort of personal intelligence. Nightmarish is the only way I can explain it.

So, the whole thing unsettled me - evil death brain-jam. Upon reflection, I saw that these people had something going for them in that they made me question my expectations - Why did it freak me out to see a man with a dead dog around his neck? What was the importance of this dead animal? And the machines, tearing themselves apart viciously (it is the ultraviolence). A movie that is definitely worth seeing, though a little tragic for the soul.

- Shannon

The End

spiderbaby

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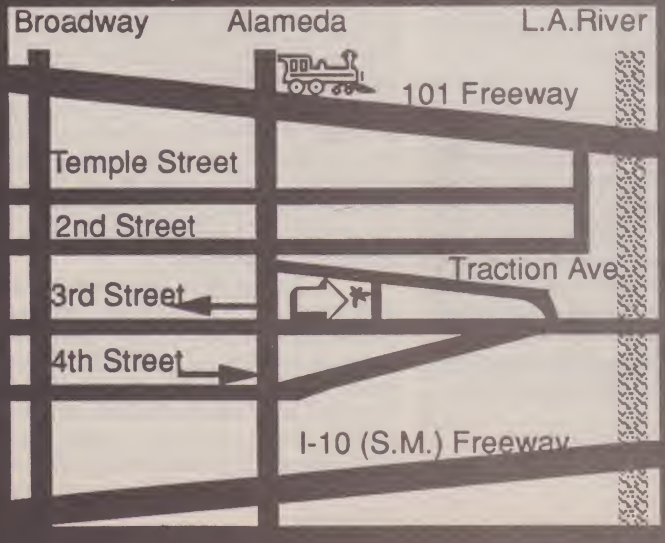


- No Talent Night every Thursday
- Pool table+ hateful retro jukebox
- Peculiar local regulars
- Sexy bartenders and cheerful low-attitude door persons
- Cheap beer; wine list varies
- "not headed for Hollywood" music and performance art
- Small Theatre Tues- Wednesdays
- Serious new adjacent art gallery now open, (enter thru back patio)
- Fascist state laws prevent minors from entering, sorry.

Take Me to

STEEL POLE BATH TUB

Dr: Darren, Dl: Dale, Mk: Mike
Interview by Omaha

UCLA CAMPUS, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19TH: STEEL POLE BATHTUB KICKED ASS TO A MOSTLY DEAD UCLA AUDIENCE IN THE COOPERAGE BEFORE THE HEADLINERS, THE LYRES AND THE FLAMING LIPS. ENTRANCED BY THEIR CRUNCHY, MUTILATED GUITAR, BASS, AND DRUM SOUND, THEIR RESTRAINED THRASHINGS, AND THEIR HUMOR (MIKE APOLOGIZING FOR DISTURBING THEIR MEALS), I DECIDED TO INTERVIEW THEM AFTER THEIR SET. MIKE (GUITAR, VOCALS), DALE (BASS, VOCALS), AND DARREN (DRUMS) AGREED TO MY SPONTANEOUS REQUEST. SO WITH THE LYRES IN THE BACKGROUND AND WITH FREE COOP PIZZA, WE BEGAN AN OFTEN INTERRUPTED INTERVIEW.

I guess, to start off, where you guys from?

Mk: Where we from Darren?

Dr: I do all the interviews, so I'll do all the talking.

Mk: If I say anything or Dale says anything just put his name by it.

Dr: Uh-huh, it's all from Darren, one big paragraph. Well, Dale Hill's from Boeson, Montana. Mike, the guitar player, was born right around Detroit...

Mk: The motor city.

Dr: ...and brought up in his early childhood in Washington D.C., then moved to Boeson, Montana as well and met Dale at an early age. Um...me, oh sorry, me!(Laughter) I'm from Seattle, Washington. There's the LYRES in the background. Oh, wow, they sound like one of those...

Mk: Dance band.

Dr: What is that YARDBIRDS album where they...Let's have a Hoe-Down or it's called like...Rave-Up! They're like a Rave-Up band! Anyway, I'm from Seattle, Washington. Home of SUB-POP!

So how'd you guys get together?

Dl: Um, I met Mike, like in sixth grade...

Mk: I got him stoned.

Dl: a n d , evetually...(Pauses)

Mk: (Laughs) No, no, don't put that in, in case his mom reads it.

Dl: I met Darren at a MR. EP show.

Dr: You did? Oh yeah, first time, yeah. Back in 1980 when a band called MR. EP was in its heyday. We had just come out with our album and Dale came to one of our shows. That was my first band, MR. EP AND THE CALCULATIONS.

Dl: They dumped hair all over the sweaty punk-rock audience.

Dr: My dad's a hairdresser, so we save lots of hair. We had this big fan and we threw this big bag, this big plastic bag of hair in front of the fan and it went all over the audience. It was great.

Dl: It was horrible.

Dr: It was horrible. And see cause like the hair was just mixed with the dirt from up off the floor, so it's like a lot of dust and a lot of hair mixed together...But I guess we're rambling (laughter). So we first met there. We met Mike, or I met Mike, after he came back from Japan. Tokyo, Japan, where he lived for a considerable amount of time as a video artist and model.

Mk: (Laughs) I did some conceptual dancing, too.

Dr: John Cage, Nam Juin Paik, Harold Ramis, he went through all the biggies.

Dl: You mean Viet Nam Juin Paik...Soviet Nam Juin Paik.

Dr: Speaking of Vietnam, I'm reading that book "Dispatches" right now. It's not bad, it's not bad, it's hard to read. Have you read that?

No...so have you had anything previously released?

Dl: We released a, what is it, like a six song cassette when we went on our first tour and then we're on this compilation album with like...

Mk: 800...

Dl: 80 other bands.

Dr: We called it a tour, it was more like a trip to Denver.

Dl: We kind of moved there and basically lived in our friends living room for about a month, playing about 5 shows.

Dr: 4 shows, 5 shows...

Mk: Then we moved to San Fransisco (laughs). Although, we're not really an SF band.

Dr: We're a San Fransisco band, we're just not an SF band.

Mk: We don't get naked on stage.

Dr: I get close, but we're all pretty close, but I guess, you know, we're rambling again.

Mk: But, no, we're on this compilation album with about 80 other bands, hardcore bands.

Dr: It's actually a five record collection of SF bands.

Mk: Bay Area—

Dr: Bay Area bands.

Dl: And we're the last band on the last song on the last side.

Dr: And it's called Flip or...

Mk: Floyd.

The thing that ate Floyd?

Mk: Yeah.

Dl: Our actual record on BONER RECORDS will be out in about a week.

You were going to describe what the name (of the album) meant...

Mk: Oh, BUTTERFLY LOVE!

Dr: The name of the album or the name of the band?

Dl: We refuse to explain either.

What, will they be revealed sometime later?... you gotta figure it out?

Dr: It's a moral thing.

Mk: You gotta figure it out, it goes with something else on the cover. It's a tie-in.

Dr: It's a moral and political question.

Dl: If someone can figure it out, we'll send them a ton of free stuff. They can write us and tell us—

Dr: What Butterfly Love means.

Dl: Or where it's from.

Dr: The origins of it, because it is publicly known.

Dl: Its very publicly known, really.

Dr: It's closer to you than you think, much closer.

What do you think of...do you take from any styles?

Dr: Well, fusion, certainly. Jazz fusion, of course, not classical fusion.

Mk: Like late 70's HERBIE HANCOCK.

Dl: Real watery music.

What does Butterfly Love really mean?

STEEL POLE BATH TUB

Continued on NEXT PAGE

STEELPOLE continued

Dr: Back when MILES had HERBIE and JOHN MCLAUGHLIN and—

Mk: And, oh, what's the name of that band...SHADOWFAX!

Dr: And late, late MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA, like the stuff that's mostly all keyboards. And the later KING CRIMSON, of course, when nobody in the original band was in it.

DI: And don't forget ELP.

Dr: ELP and ELO are probably our biggest influences...we all practice ESP.

Mk: Pre-CBS ELO(Laughter)

DI: No, we basically hate everything. We're really bad about that.

Mk: Yeah, don't get us started on current bands, because we'll just make a lot of enemies.

Dr: Especially like bands like—

Mk: No, don't start! Don't start. We're gonna make enemies, come on.

Dr: I was going to say the WARLOCK PINCHERS.

Mk: Oh, oh, yeah, we can do that....

Dr: Sure there are lame bands in Seattle—

Mk: No! Yes! (laughter)

Dr: Sure there are lame bands in Seattle...

Mk: Don't put this out before we play up there.

Dr: ...like I'm from there and I still haven't heard a good band since like MR. EP broke up in 1981. But you know we were at the forefront of that whole, well, the punk rock thing.

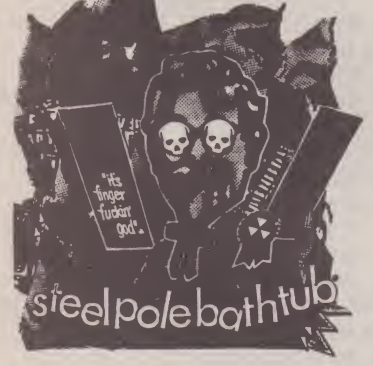
Mk: Oh, shut up...You can figure if we say we don't like a band, then we don't like them.

DI: We like the WARLOCK PINCHERS and the MUDWIMIN.

Dr: What! You like the WARLOCK PINCHERS!

DI: Well...

Dr: They're like all keyboards and drum machine.



Mk: They're a bunch of little boys with grand illusions of being rock stars.

DI: Well, you can translate like Dale sorta likes this one song.

Dr: Dale's a fag. Oh, sorry, I can't say that on TV or whatever this is. But, um, I can say that because I'm from San Fransisco, so it's politically correct.

DI: But we lost our politically correct status when we bought 50/50 T-shirts.

Dr: That's right!

Mk: We don't have no 100% cotton T-shirts. They're all half-polyester, so...

Dr: Yeah, we sell California grapes, too, next to our T-shirts and our tapes. Print that, print that!

Mk: They're $18 and they're half-polyester and they're only one color.

Dr: Yeah, black ink on a black T-shirt.

Mk: We make 'em ourselves with like stenciled silk screens.

DI: And if you don't like the design, you don't have to worry about it, because after about three washings it comes right out.

Dr: If you use a good detergent like TIDE, it'll come out in one or two washings.

About the music...

Dr: Oh, bands...we do like the HENRY ROLLINS BAND and SONIC YOUTH a lot. We basically like all the bands that hate the other bands, because we're a band that hates other bands. So out there right now Sonic Youth is going,"Well, we hate bands like STEEL POLE BATHTUB and the ROLLINS BAND..."

SLIVER YOUR LIVER!
NOTHING LIKE THIS IN ALL THE HISTORY OF HORROR!
A FRIGHT
WE DARE YOU TO SEE
The STEEL POLE BATH TUB
WARNING
NOT
THE MOST GRUESOME HORROR EVER SHOWN!
FOR PEOPLE WHO FAINT EASILY!

So after your band comes out you're going to be on tour?

Mk: Yeah, a follow-up tour, probably this summer.

Dr: One East and one on the West Coast again, we think.

Mk: We'll be playing smaller clubs.

Dr: Don't break any dates yet...sorry, I'm losing it. Do you think the audience liked us tonight?

Mk: It was pretty loud, I was surprised.

Dr: We're pretty insecure still. We're in the...

DI: Fetal!

Dr: We're like geldings...fledgelings!

Mk: I thought I was going to have to apologize after every song, you know, for like interrupting their meals and stuff.

TWO GUYS COME BY AND PRAISE THE BAND.

Dr: Print that, somebody said we were great.

Mk: Like when everybody's silent after a song, like at COCONUT TEASZER that kinda happened to us.

Dr: Do you know that place?

That place usually has a strong local following.

Mk: Posers.

Dr: Yeah, it was like the stuff on the walls, it was like this week's favorite band and stuff, it looked like it was pretty LA.

AT THIS POINT THE INTERVIEW COMPLETELY BREAKS DOWN, MIKE LEAVES TO GET HIS JACKET AND DALE GOES WITH HIM, THEN SOMEONE ASKS THE INTERVIEWER WHERE DARBY IS, LEAVING DARREN ALONE WITH THE RECORDER.

Dr: The interview got kind of lost in the shuffle, people were talking to others, people passed, nobody knew exactly what was going on. The interviewer just...he just kinda like left the machine on while everybody started talking to each other (Mike and Dale come back and start babbling about J.G. BALLARD). Nobody even realizes the machine is on right now, I'm the only one standing here, sitting here. You see, after a show it's so wierd to be interviewed because, I mean the way you feel after a show, the last thing you want to do is talk, it's like J.G. BALLARD said one time...

DI: Basically our main influence is J.G. BALLARD'S "Crash"—

Dr: Will you get off the whole J.G. BALLARD trip!

DI: J.G. Ballard is post-modern, man.

Mk: We're neo-post-modern...Why don't you tell him about your brief stint as drummer with GARY NUMAN.

Dr: Well, that's not exactly true...

Mk: You don't want to tell that little story?

Dr: That's not necessarily true, but I did go to a GARY NUMAN show once, which is embarrassing enough, believe me! I took a lot of pictures, but Dale won't give 'em back to me, goddamnit! In fact, I think he gave them to J.G. BALLARD on their last date.

Mk: Dale, does this sound familiar? The blood mixing with the semen on the vinyl of the front seat of the...

Dr: The coolants, the transmission fluid and the brake fluid, all mixing together—

Mk: Matching the indentation on my chest to the steering wheel, left from my last crash...

Dr: Caressing the knobs of the stereo/radio...

Mk: As I noticed his hard throbbing member in his tight white jeans.

Dr: (Interviewer come back to the interview) We're done flagging Dale for now, if you ask another question we'll direct it at Dale.

Mk: All right, what was the question.

NOW, THE FLAMING LIPS COME BY AND APOLOGIZE FOR NOT SEEING THEIR SHOW. AFTER COMPLAINING ABOUT THE PARKING SYSTEM AT UCLA, THEY LEAVE.

Now, centering on your songs, do they have an overall...

Mk: Theme?

Dr: It's kind of like a Hawaiian theme. How like you can say Aloha and it means so many things (laughter). And people interpret our songs so many ways... It's like when these guys were Christians, they interpreted the "Bible" in ways that some people might think was a little bit advantageous to their lifestyle at the time.

Mk: Not very respectful to God.

Dr: Lots of drugs and sex. It's like when we took acid and tried to talk to our Sunday school teacher.

Mk: This is the truth. (Laughing).

Dr: Now, somehow, biblically, they reconciled this, I don't know, I probably never had the "Living Bible" or whichever one they had. "Good News for Modern Man." It goes like, "hey dude, it's cool..."

Let's bring the subject...

Dr: No, the answer to the last question was no, our songs don't have any basic theme, 'cause we all write lyrics.

Mk: Except they're all actually based on this J.G. BALLARD novel "Crash". I don't know if you've heard of it. Yeah, they're all based on that...No, no, I'm kidding, we all write lyrics, all three of us, even the drummer.

Dr: Oh, fuck you. My lyrics are a little bit like Neil Perts, o.k., o.k. Big themes, that's all I'm saying. Big themes, you know, big breasts, big mountains, big snowdogs, big demons.

DI: Vitor.

Dr: Vitor and the Snowdog. I wrote the sequel to that.

Mk: And he insists on having them (Darren's

songs) on the record, so it doesn't hurt his ego, you know. Because we're up front and so he insists on having his songs on, so we give him some slack. He writes them on acoustic guitar and, you know, we kind of interpret them.

DI: Electrically.

You had those tapes playing in the background.

Mk: Oh, yeah, normally there's two of them.

DI: I left my tape deck in the van. I'm used to the van being parked real close to where we play.

Mk: We usually pull out other guitars, too, that we like throw against the walls and jump on and stuff, but being UCLA we kinda didn't...we didn't pull out all the stops for this show at all. Last show we kind of ended up in a big tumbling wreck with the drums and stuff. Oh, the tapes, they're all found sounds.

Dr: But see, when you have a short set before two other bands, it's kind of hard to like really...

Mk: Cut loose.

Dr: Cut loose...totally.

Mk: There's no whisky here either, really.

Dr: Mike's the one who drinks before the shows.

Mk: After I smoke bongs. (Laughs).

Dr: [We played only] about a third of our songs.

Mk: They were kind of most of our tamer songs, too.

Dr: Well...

Mk: Well, yeah, but—

Dr: Yeah, I guess that's kind of true, but no, we played a lot of our rockers.

Mk: Yeah, they're newer songs.

Dr: We did all the BEATLES ones and—

Mk: Those YARDBIRD covers.

Dr: I like to pull out the YARDBIRDS and we always go real crazy whenever we do a ROD STEWART cover or something like that.

Mk: But our IDI RAPPEL'S the best.

I guess if there's anything else you'd like to say...

Mk: I think we need a little more support in the scene. You know, if everyone just were united in anarchy, then maybe we'd have a little better scene.

Dr: Kill him!

Mk: And get into your community, sing about your community—(Darren reaches over the table and starts choking Mike)

DI: I feel like one of the people at Woodstock.

Mk: I was born at Woodstock!

Dr: I'm a farmer, I don't know how to talk in front of 15 people, let alone 32,000 or however many there are here tonight. Anyway, my parting comment is, look, all the fucking girls are next to the FLAMING LIPS. That's gonna change one day, that's gonna change, goddamnit, they'll be grovelling...

Mk: Are we done?

Dr: Well, he got new glasses, the bass player Dale got new glasses, he won't admit to it, but he got them and they're great!

Steel Pole Bath Tub
2886 Mission #19
San Francisco, CA 94110

••• THE END •••

MORE STORIES

cont. from pg. 6

kumquat experience with her psychic lobster dress and three deformed rodent children, who urinated a thick blue substance into the air and giggled in delight.

"Talk about it later!," she spat excitedly. "We need to regenerate the destroyed machines through cosmic meditation on Level Six."

The Fascist-Nihilist-Athiest Society Picnic was televised on twelve channels in twenty three different languages. It was a government-funded multi-media event boasting an all-star line-up of fabulous entertainers. Many well-known figures in earth history has also been genetically reconstructed and computer enhanced for the occasion. Against an undulating holographic backdrop of multicolored sex and violence, four hundred joyful Fascists danced to the sound of Johnny Cash and his new band, Astro-Birdbat Reaction Party.

Seated at a small table near the dance floor, Senator Andrew G. Waxworth spoke in smoothly measured tones to gelatinous man with nine eyes as mutant prostitutes liked his slimy red hair.

"How 'bout that Johnny Cash, eh?" Waxworth began. "must be at least five hundred some years old, and-"

"Music is a distortion of spiritual values." His companion interrupted. "I am interested in genetic fusion."

"of course you are. We all are. But what's the fuckin' panic, man? I need to loosen up and party down." He reached for his vodka-dogmilk martini with visible annoyance. "Loosen up, my friend."

"Very well. I am loosening. But also thinking of the illegal fusion labs. Of the insidious cult of Level Sixists spreading across the planet." His galtinous face trembled with inner rage. Spiny tounged prostitutes licked his red hair.

"Don't worry. Those bastards are dead meat, man." Waxworth leaned back in his chairs and laughed drunkenly.

Alan, Jenny, Steve and Alex chanted the mystical formula for spiritual growth to level Six as the electric duck/insect pyramid was reassembled by their best technicians. As the sights and sounds of the underground lab faded away, Alan knew he had reached Level Six. The four scientists sat beneath a broiling purple sky, their spirit bodies encased in coats of living slime which joined with them to feed the secret equations from space into their minds.

"Death porpoise of potato fluids in reversal," Alex remarked. Transparent animal forms crawled from his eyes. "Ukranian torture bug."

Jenny's head was six times larger in the clear plastic tube, and the projection-of-thought dress sparkled with psychic power.

"I am the horsecrust cactus diagram of a new and exciting world!" she cried happily as Alan sprayed her with mustard sauce.

"4375.3! Vegetable proto-fuck license!" he ordered as Steve and Alex sang German folk songs on Venus. The dinosaur/pig/flower mutations joined in. Then, in a sudden spatial convulsion the transmission was over. They returned to their bodies.

Steve awakened first, leaping to his feet when he smelled the burning quasi-human flesh. The technicians were dead, killed by the government inspector drones. The fusion lab was in ruins. As the others awakened to the horrific sight, Steve was making an urgent call to New York. He knew Dr. Phlebus could help them.

"The sharkskin vagina birdhead is totally destroyed!" Alan howled in disbelief. "And my color coordinated shoes!" Jenny cried tears of atomic goat blood over her replicated lizard organs - two month's work wiped out in seconds. She looked up in sudden fear as Camera 3 was activated with a loud repeating signal. They had another visitor. On the monitor, she recognized his large red eyes and curly blue, metallic hair. It was the Master Computer. Without waiting for an invitation, he entered the elevator. His expression conveyed nothing as rode down into the lab complex singing the words to popular song.

The Call(s)

the phone rang. i answered it. i listened. i talked. i hung up. i got up, walked, tripped, fell, knocked my teeth out on a giant hunk of concrete that was in the middle of my living room. cursed. went back to the phone to call a doctor, gauged a big hunk out of my shin from hitting the corner of the coffee table. in m# pain i forgot the number. in my rage over forgetting the number i punched the wall. i hit a stud. with a nail sticking out of it. my knuckles were pushed up to my wrist and i had a nail going through my palm. blood was all over the rug. now i had to call a doctor, a dentist, and a rug cleaner. the phone book was in the kitchen. i reached above the range to the cupboard. i opened it. i slipped and knock ed a Pot full of boiling water all over my legs. i screamed, got up and bashed my head on the edge of the open cupboard door. i reached phone book. it wasn't there. i angrily slammed the cupboard door. the knife holder on the wall fell. sending a half dozen brand new stainless steel serrated razor sharp culinary blades raining on me. blood was all over the floor. i spotted the phone book. right by the phone where i had left it. i proceeded towards it, slipped on the blood that was on the tile floor, and landed face first in the waste basket that was full of broken wine bottles. as i laid there on the floor and bled to death, the phone rang.

- Mr. Bohonus

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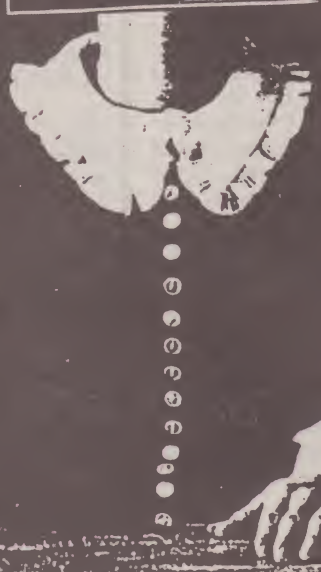

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Eat Your Meat

"Finish your meat! You're not moving from this table until you finish that meat," my mom would say. I grew up, like most people, in believing there is nothing wrong with eating meat. In school, it was taught that meat is part of the four basic food groups, and that it is healthy for you.

At home, I was praised for finishing my meat and punished when I didn't finish it. The best meals included cheeseburgers from Mc-you-know-where, and the lunchbox was always stuffed with some kind of meat product in the pleasing sandwich form.

The thing is, no one ever told me, or helped me to realize what was going on. I never thought of the animals I was eating, the animals I was killing in an indirect way. They didn't show cattle being slaughtered on Sesame Street and they *never* had us doing essays on vivisection in high school.

By the time I was older, it was as much a part of my lifestyle as my eating habits. No guilt, and why should there be? (I thought people were "veggies" because it was trendy.)

At 18 years of age many of my friends were vegetarians. I was exposed to their eating habits, their explanations and the rude comments which mainly found their way to me during dining experiences.

It was a slow process. Change began mentally and then my body could not keep down the poisonous meat. Starting with red meat, leading down to fish.

What am I getting at? That even though most of us were brought up on eating animals, I think it's time this ancient custom be stopped. There's no reason to fool yourself. No need for excuses. You're murdering animals and claiming it's a bad habit. Guess what? You *can* survive without eating meat, be healthier for it and if you're not a sadist, feel a lot better about yourself. Please think about it.

- Darby

ANIMAL RIGHTS

The next three pages cover the topic of animal rights: eating meat, the ecology, etc. The main objective here is to make the knowledge available to as many people as possible. Of course the hope is that even one person will consider to change their eating habits and better our earth and the humanity of it. Read this carefully and with an open mind.

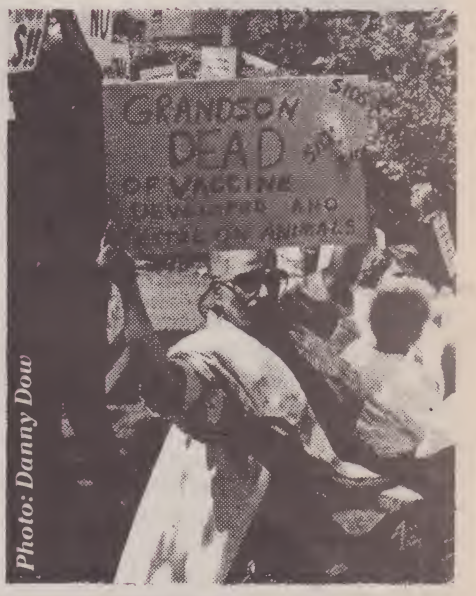


Photo: Danny Dow

VIVISECTION

It seems a week can't go by without an animal rights related headline appearing in the newspaper. Ten years ago the words "animal rights" probably wouldn't mean much to most people, but these days you would have to be blind and deaf not to have heard about these groups. LAST CHANCE FOR ANIMALS (LCFA), PEOPLE FOR THE ETHICAL TREATMENT OF ANIMALS (PETA) and others, have the audacity to claim that years upon years of animal research have not only failed to advance the cause of medicine, but have actually delayed vital research. They may even have contributed to human suffering.

Who could believe such lunatics? It's not as though the researchers have anything to hide. Or do they?

If these vivisectors are so confident in their assertion that animal research is vital to the advancement of medical technology, then why the steadfast refusal by the research establishment at UCLA to enter into a public debate with these anti-vivisectionists? The antivivisectionists have even offered to do it under any terms the "medical wizards" see fit to impose. And if the animals being subjected to this "necessary" research are being treated as well as these "well meaning" and "kind hearted" researchers claim, then why the very stark contrast between the film that the UCLA Medical Center prepared for the media during last year's "Laboratory Animal Liberation Week" and the film shot by LCFA when they broke into the UCLA facility and showed pictures of some of the subjects of this research? For those of you who didn't see either of the films; the UCLA film showed what the average person would think of as "happy bunnies in cages" (NOTE: How happy would you be living in a cage all your life?) while the LCFA film showed some cats that, while not going into unnecessary details, were living a very obviously miserable existence, obvious to even the most desensitized eyes.

That kind of deception goes both ways though. While visiting a rally at UCLA during this years Laboratory Animal Liberation Week, I happened upon an old woman in a wheel chair carrying a sign that read, on one side: M.S. from vaccine developed and tested on animals; and on the other: Grandson dead of vaccine developed and tested on animals. Now I'm not doubting that she has M.S. and that her grandson is dead due to a vaccine, but there is such a thing as an allergy and the fact that both catastrophes occurred in the same family, and since the vast majority of people who get vaccinated do not die or get .M.S., then it seems likely that the conclusion that these people were simply allergic to the vaccine is correct. Therefore, even if the vaccine were developed and tested on human models, a type of research I am not accusing the animal rights movement of supporting, but which nevertheless, would be the most accurate medical research possible, then this lady would still be in the condition she is in and her grandson would still be dead.

To date there still has been no substantial debate between the two sides. The only people who get any really intelligent answers from either side are people who are in the habit of listening to late-night talk radio. Most of the public is subjected to emotional catch phrases like "stop UCLA animal Auschwitz" from the anti-vivisectionists and "your dog or your baby" from the pro-vivisectionists that should, I hope, insult the intelligence of the public. (NOTE: both sides accuse the other of using emotional appeals to advance their cause while denying that they themselves have resorted to tugging at the public's heart strings.)

Well, maybe if we're lucky, since this issue doesn't promise to be resolved any time in the foreseeable future, the people involved in this issue will see that if the general public is being asked to pledge their allegiance to either side of the issue then we deserve some very real answers to some very real questions.

- Danny Dow

For a schedule of Animal Rights events please call (818) 760-8340 (LCFA HOTLINE) and get involved!

Kosher Meat: A Warped Tradition

When I still ate meat I assumed Kosher meant better. To all who still believe that, think again.

Long ago when the Jewish laws stated how the slaughter should take place, it was probably the safest way of doing so. Ancient Hebrews were concerned about the quality of meat and humane treatment of the animals they ate. Almost 4,000 years ago they realized that consuming meat from animals found already dead resulted in disease, therefore, they ruled it was forbidden to consume meat from animals that are not "healthy and moving" when killed.

In 1906, the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act stipulated that a slaughtered animal could not fall into the blood of a previously killed animal. This did improve the cleanliness of slaughter houses but resulted in animals being suspended from a conveyer belt. The requirement that an animal be moving at the time of slaughter brought some of the Jewish faith to consider prior stunning unacceptable. Today the animal is hung by a chain tied around one hind leg. Being that the animals weigh so much this action often tears flesh and ligaments, breaks bones and often ruptures joints around the hip and knee. The animal is hung from 2 to 5 minutes, much longer if there's a hold up in the line. As it arrives at the slaughter point the animal is now writhing in pain. It is necessary to insert a clamp in the nostrils or on the neck to hold it steady. Workers fingers may penetrate the eye sockets in their attempts to hold the animal still. The cut is made and the blood drained, eventually resulting in unconsciousness.

The fact that these animals are not stunned while this is taking place marks it as one of the most gruesome methods of killing food animals legally permitted. The requirement that animals be fully conscious is merely a tradition, there is no such stipulation recorded in the Jewish Bible. Many rabbis and members of the Jewish faith have pointed out this fact and have fought for more humane slaughter procedures, but in general, any intrusion into Kosher slaughter practices is protested as being Anti-Semetic. Ritual slaughter as we see it today is a contradiction within the Jewish religion itself, which stipulates that an animal be provided a painless death.

In 1958, Congress passed the Humane Slaughter Act (No. 85-765), which covered only companies selling meat to the federal government. It required animals to be stunned before slaughter. Objections from the Jewish population, however, prompted the exemption of ritual slaughter. They claimed the act was an interference between church and state. It is interesting to note that in 1906, the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act was not considered interference between church and state, when the benefit was to the consumer not the animal.

The issue is maltreatment of animals. Though religious freedom is a necessity, a compromise should be reached. Requiring that animals be rendered insensible to pain before using this method of killing is certainly not a basis for cries of Anti-Semitism. In order to achieve the necessary changes in ritual slaughter practices, we will need to see stronger protests and support from the Jewish population.

Most info taken from: Vad, Inc. - The Farm Animal, P.O. Box 33086, Cleveland, OH 44133.

- Sheryl & Darby

Physiological Comparisons

Meat Eater	Herbavour	Man
• Has claws.	• No claws	• No claws
• No skin pores, perspires through tongue	• Perspires through skin pores	• Perspires through skin pores
• Sharp front teeth for tearing - No flat molar teeth for grinding	• No sharp front teeth, has flat rear molars	• No sharp front teeth, has flat rear molars
• Intestinal track 3 times body length, so rapidly decaying meat can pass out quickly	• Intestinal track 10-12x's body length	• Intestinal track 12x's body length
• Strong hydrocloric acid in stomach to digest meat	• Stomach acid 20x less strong than meat eaters	• Stomach acid 20x less strong than meat eaters

Taken from the Hari Krishna book entitled, THE HIGHER TASTE

Ecological Facts

Everyone who eats meat is a contributor to the ecological effects eating meat has on our society.

- Millions of acres of forestland are devastated through conversion to grazing land and cropland to feed farm animals, both in the U.S. and abroad. Runoff from these lands carries suspended and dissolved solids, organic matter, nutrients and pesticides into our lakes and streams, accounting for more water pollution than all other human activities combined. Overgrazing and intensive cultivation eventually turn these lands into desert, posing a severe long-term threat to our survival.
- More than 4 million acres of cropland are lost to erosion in the United States every year. 85% is directly associated with livestock raising.
- Between 1960 and 1985, nearly 50% of all Central American rain forests were destroyed to create pasture for beef cattle.
- The production of one pound of beef requires 2,500 gallons of water. It takes less water to produce a year's worth of food for a pure vegetarian than to produce a month's worth of food for a meat-eating person.
- An entire acre of trees are saved each year for every American who switches to a pure Vegetarian diet!

Read: Diet For a Healthy Planet, Frances Moore Lappe, Earth First! P.O. Box 2358, Lewiston, ME 04241

Health Facts

For those who eat meat and believe they are healthy here is a short list of a few of the things that should worry you.

- All types of flesh foods (including seafood), dairy products and eggs are extremely high in saturated fats and cholesterol and are devoid of fiber and carbohydrates (energy). Because of this the average American man's risk of a heart attack is 50%, but the risk for an average American man that is a pure vegetarian is only 4%.
- It takes red meat five days to travel through the digestive track while a vegetarian meal takes about one day.
- Some chemicals are addictive and therefore create an unnatural craving for meat.
- Scientific studies have shown that vegetarians are able to perform physical tasks two to three times longer than meat eaters and recover from fatigue in one-fifth the time.

Information from: California Vegetarian Association.

Antibiotics and Factory Farming Facts:

- Steroids, arsenic and hormones are universally used to quickly increase the weight of commercial farm animals. Even cement dust and newspaper have been found added to feed. Amphetamines, tranquilizers and hundreds of other drugs are used as well. Much of the chemicals, etc. are passed on to the consumers
- Antibiotics in factory farming is creating a huge pool of mutant bacteria, resistant to antibiotics. These mutant bacteria infect humans as well as animals..
- Force-feeding, genetic manipulation, artificial insemination, and loss of offspring are standard operating procedures. Debeaking, dehorning, branding, castration, and other painful mutilations are performed routinely without anaesthetic or surgical training.
- Factory farming conditions result in severe afflictions. Like in zoos, many animals become schizophrenic or insane.

Read: Animal Factories, Jim Mason and Peter Singer.

QUOTES

"It is my view that vegetarian manner of living, by its purely physical effect on the human temperament, would most beneficially influence the lot of mankind." ***Albert Einstein***

"Truly man is a king of beasts, for his brutality exceeds them. We live by the death of others. We are burial places! The time will come when men will look upon the murder of animals as they now look on the murder of the men." ***Leonardo Da Vinci***

"Until he extends the circle of compassion to all living things, man will not himself find peace." "We need a boundless ethic which will include the animals also." ***Albert Schweitzer***

"All animals, regardless to whether they are considered "cute" or "intelligent" deserve to be treated with compassion and decency." ***The Humane Farming Association***

RUDIMENTARY PENI

"Pig in a Blanket" (1983)

I tell you about the animals-
how they suffer, how they die
You try to hide guilty doubt-
from me with an appeasing smile
You never want responsibility-
for this murderous cruelty
The wasteful piles of blood-
soaked bodies-
you won't let your conscience see

Ask yourself what makes you want this-
torn ripped flesh so desperately
Are you worthy of having this suffering-
brought about to fuel your greed?
Not satisfied with killing animals-
you're killing millions of people as well
As the numbers increase of those dying-
in your man made 3rd world hell.

Millions dying all the time-
locked in your abattoir of greed
Whilst you destroy them and yourself-
by taking much more than you need
There is no justice in this death-
no illusion I'll let you hide behind
The "tradition" you use to hide animal murder-
is nothing but a thin disguise

Though there are many, here is a small list of bands who are concerned with the animal rights issues.

M.D.C., Chumbawamba, Crass, Nina Hagen, Conflict, The Smiths, Skinny Puppy, Subhumans, DAN, Extreme Noise Terror, Ripcord, A//Solution, Rubella Ballet, Mekons, A State of Mind, Electro-Hippies, Three Johns, Colourfield, Lena Lovich...

Eggs Aren't What They're Cracked Up To Be

Chicken was the last meat product to go from my diet. Thinking back to when I attended college in Illinois, I remember my psychology professor and his speech entitled, *"The Problem With Men In America Is That they Eat Too Much Chicken! "* He ranted and raved for a good hour, even leaping onto his desk to dramatize his point. The point being that they use female hormones to stimulate the growth in chickens.

Chickens are put into two groups: Layers and broilers.

Broiler Chickens are raised in sheds where lighting is manipulated* to keep the birds eating the hormone, pesticide and antibiotic-laced food as often as possible. These birds are killed after nine weeks. (What do most animals look like at nine weeks? Think about a puppy or most any animal). Even with all of the antibiotics they are fed, one out of every three chickens sold in supermarkets is infected with live salmonella bacteria. (Remember: "No hormones" does not mean "no antibiotics, pesticides, or other chemicals)."

As for *laying hens,* up to five are crowded into a cage with floor space barely larger than a record cover. Cannibalism is a problem, so the farms "debeak" the chickens through a procedure whereby the hen's upper beak is sliced off with a hot blade. Many die from shock during this procedure. One person is usually responsible for 70,000 chickens, making individual care impossible. Chickens normally live 15-20 years, but under these conditions, most chickens only live 1-2 years.

In the egg industry male chicks are of no value. They are simply thrown away or ground into animal feed while still alive. (Remember that the next time you treat your pet to a can of his or her favorite food!)

As far as eggs go, most of the chemicals, antibiotics, etc. are passed straight from the chickens to their eggs. In turn they are passed on to you, the unaware consumer. And you should also note that many eggs in your grocery store are infected with salmonella poisining as well.

I could go on forever. Maybe we should start getting angry. Our government allows so much to go on at these farms . . . it affects all of us!

* Meaning lights are switched on and off to simulate day and night.

Note: To decrease the cost of plucking, they are trying to develop a featherless chicken.

- Sheryl

Animal Ingredients

Being a vegetarian means more than not eating meat and not wearing fur. Being a vegetarian also means being aware of what you're using in your everyday products. Even though some products do not contain animals you should be aware of the products that were tested on animals before they hit the shelves of your local store. Take time to know what you're using because many slaughterhouse leftovers find their way into your everyday products - and it may go under a different name. Here are a few animal derived products, some with a natural vegetarian substitute which could be used instead.

Elastin - found in the neck ligaments and aorta of cattle. Similar to collagen. Can't affect the skin's own elasticity.

Mink (Oil) - Painfully obtained from the musk deer, beaver, muskrat, civet cat, otter genitals. Wild cats are kept captive in cages in horrible conditions, beavers are trapped, dear are shot, cats are whipped around the genitals to produce the scent. In perfumes and in food flavourings. ALTERNATIVES: labdanum oil (which comes from various rockrose shrubs) and other plants.

Placenta - Afterbirth. Contains waste matter eliminated by the fetus. Derived from the uterus of slaughtered animals. Animal placenta is widely used in skin cremes, shampoos, masks, etc. ALTERNATIVES: kelp.

This information was received from PETA (People For the Ethical Treatment of Animals). If you are interested in having a better understanding of what's in the products you buy, write them at P.O. Box 42516, Washington DC 20015.

- Crystal

Here is a very condensed list of some organizations, fanzines, etc. who focas on the animal rights issues.

Fanzines

AntiEstablishment & Time To Unite, P.O. Box 6188, Fullerton, CA

Hippycore, P.O. Box 195, Mesa, Az 85211

System Opposed, P.O. Box 1857, Tustin, CA 92680

Magazines

Earth First, P.O. Box 2358, Lewiston, ME 04241

Liberator (ALF Support Group), 1543 No. "E" Street, San Bernardino, CA 92405

Front Line, P.O. Box 915, Station F, Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 2N9

Animals' Voice, 3961 Landmark St., Culver City, CA 90232

Oraganizations

Last Chance For Animals, 18653 Ventura Blvd., Tarzana, CA 91356

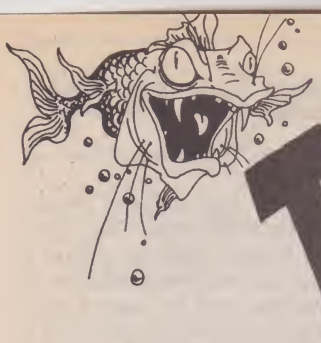
California Vegetarian Association, P.O. Box 6213, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

Student Action Corps for Animals, P.O. Box 15588, Washington, D.C. 20003-0588

Animal Liberation Front (ALF), same address as Liberator Magazine

The Humane Farming Association, 1550 California Street, Suite 6, San Francisco, CA 94109

Please note much of our information was received by these groups and we thank them for all of their efforts.



TRUE FISH

CONTEMPORARY MUSINGS
BY
HARVEY MAINMAN MOLE

No matter how long you've had your ass planted here in this great smogland of ours, one thing you've had to have learned by now— it's never good to be ugly. Hey, this is the land of beautiful people! Sure, it can cost you some serious bucks, but if you can't afford this beauty, then it's just too fuckin' bad. Oh yeah, I've heard all that bullshit about how clothes make the person, but I prefer my people naked. I don't know about you twits, but I 'd rather spunk on a nice sets of tits than in a pair of $50 Gucci panties (though I might stuff them in my pocket for future use).

Now, if you're ugly, your in for a seriously tough life, and if your fat and ugly, well, it's like a double dose of ugliness. Luckily, the Moleman has decided to help "the ugly." That's right, after countless times of being asked "Moleman, how do you do it?", (I'd always reply "With my fuckin' pants down"). I'm gonna let you, my loving public, in on a few of my own prized secrets. Okay, I know that alot of you want to know "What does the Moleman know about being fat and ugly?" Shit, I know plenty; my whole family is fat and ugly, and being related, they raised me. That's right, before I hit El Lay, I thought the whole world was ugly. But there is help, you don't have to go through life fat and ugly (if you're stupid, even I can't help you). Today's major breakthroughs in the fields of health and beauty has made it possible for even the biggest loser to change his/her attitude and appearance, and miraculously transform oneself into an acceptable scenester.

Alright, let's get rid of the fat first. Probably the most painful way is exercise. For some of you, it could take years of aerobicizing, which exposes you to thousands of hours of listening to that lame Top 40-KISS-POWER 106 shit, which can cause you to do something like vote for George Bush. Jogging's not the answer either; too much dog shit in the parks. Besides, why do thousands of miles and thousands of sit-ups when in today's high-tech world we have liposuction. A small incision, some doctor geek shoves in a Hoover vacuum, sucks out all that stinky cottage cheese, snips away the loose skin, barely leaves a scar, and your 100 lbs. fuckin' lighter. This is great shit! No sweating, no diet pills, no starving. And if you can afford it, you could probably pig-out and drop that extra 40 you gained every 6 months.

Solving ugliness is not so easy. One of the major problems is hair. Hair is real confusing. Do we dye the shit out of it? Cut the shit out of it? Let it grow? And not just the damn hair on our heads, what about nose hairs, pubic hairs? Hairy backs? And how come every time I ride a bus, there's an old man sitting in front of me with his ears full of hair? There is really no fuckin' clear-cut answer when it comes to hair. Some women love men with tons of hair, full beard and all, while other's go for the bald ones. Guys are the same way; some like a real thick bush, and some like bald ones. Personally, I do find it a bitch getting the hairs out from between my teeth.

And it wasn't too long ago when women could go out and get breast implants but there was nothing for the guys. Now as we hit the Nineties, us dudes got us steroids! All these bodybuilding places are taking in 40 lb. wimps and churning out 250 lb. muscleheads. All in the name of Arnold Schwarzeneger? I mean, what are these drugged-enhanced beefcakes gonna do in 20 years when their dicks fall off? This shit could turn you into "The Fly." And tanning salons aren't any fuckin' better; you're microwaving your own flesh. I just can't see spending bucks to speed up the skin cancer process. I think we get enough radiation from our color TV sets.

Ya know, if you're really ugly, go ahead, reconstruct that nose, straighten those teeth, and put on that rug. Come on, even pinheads like yourselves can become part of the beautiful people. And for you beautiful people who are afraid of becoming fat and ugly in their twilight years, take this advice from the Moleman, and all the fat and ugly people out there: die young, stay pretty.

- Harvey Moleman

George Eats Cheap

George

I'm parked in the corner booth at Elenore's, right, and this skinny kid comes up to me and says, "Hey, George, like your column's okay, but like what'sa matter with the PIKME' UP CAFE, dude?"

I considered not answering him, but there was this look in his eyes. I could tell he had a real need to KNOW. Now, I hate to set myself up as the Siddhartha of coffee shops, a caffeine guru if you will, but this kid could sense that I knew something about it all. So, I told him ...

Look, it takes more than cheap food and good coffee to satisfy me. Not a lot more, I'll be the first to admit that. But, you also need soul. Soul can be anything from ugly paint, to cooks that chatter non-stop, but it usually means a bare minimum of chrome. And it doesn't hurt to have a name that has nothing to do with the interior, like the TROPICAL BAKERY at Sunset and Silverlake. And, of course, it isn't just atmosphere that makes this place. The food is good. The best thing they have has got to be the Guava Cream Cheese pie. Normally, I don't eat anything that sounds even remotely like Guava, if you know what I mean, and I think you do. But, I make exceptions, and this is one reason to do so. A flat, flaky outside like a smushed croissant and a really hearty helping of not-too-sweet filling. Sound too healthy for you? Then go for one of the more traditional pastries like the French Napoleon. Not as deceptively delicious as the Guava Cream Cheese pie, but it's some serious artery blockage at 60 cents a pop.

Also, you gotta try the weird 40-cent-thing. Last time I was there, they called it a Cappacino. It has nothing to do with Cappacino. It looks like a custard horn and it tastes like a cross between a pastry and a popsicle. It's really juicy and fruity-tasting without being mushy or sticky. Very strange.

The coffee? First, the bad news, (I can hardly believe I'm saying this), but there are NO refills. But, the large (and it is large), goes for 75 cents and two are almost too much for even a dedicated javaphile like yours truly. The coffee is good enough to make up for it. Full-bodied, rich and deep. A steaming, fragrant styrofoam cup of heaven, the kind that only a real wimp *needs* to add cream and sugar to.

And the atmosphere? Just great! Stand at the corner, breathe in some tasty smells, maybe chat with the guy waiting next to you. The clientele seems to be consistently amiable and friendly. The place is homey in a way that's older, but not defeated.

I looked at the kid. "You see?"

He just stared at me. "Yeah, right." he said.

But, there was a new glint in his eye, and as he walked away, I thought "there's hope, there's always hope."

Til next time, EAT CHEAP.

- George

Although George has some sort of personality conflict with the Pik' Me Up cafe, Ben Is Dead does not.

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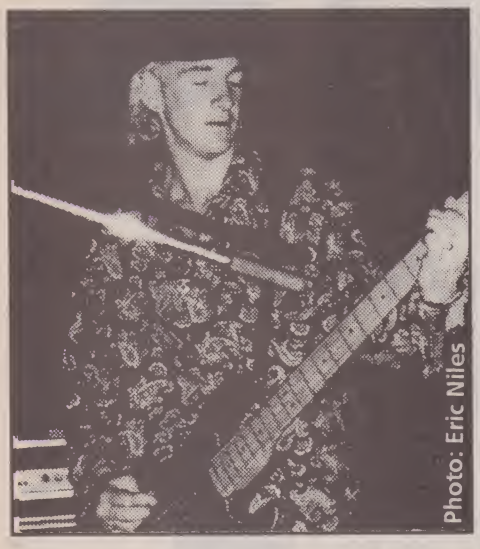
DEATH RIDE 69

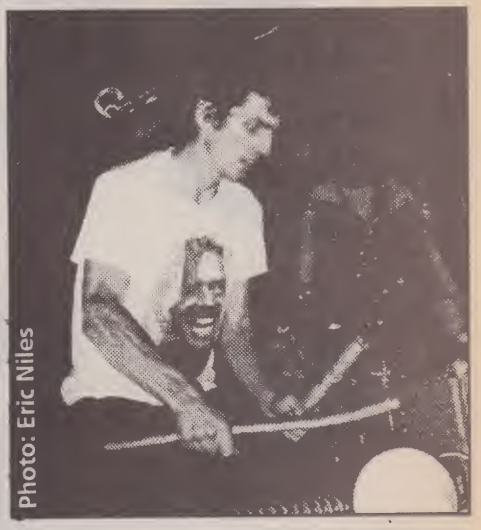
INDUSTRIAL PSY-CHO ACID DANCE, is what they call themselves. Here's a band that hasn't been around that long of a time but have sparked interest in some of the (few) people striving to put creative, interesting music back in the L.A. club scene. First time I saw them, I was a little bit dissapointed. Second time I saw them, which was like 8 months later and one day before this interview, I was happily impressed. At last! And these guys aren't from out of town. With the additions of Ethan Port (ex-SAVAGE REPUBLIC) on guitar and Buc Y Bono on bass, to the only original member left, Linda LeSabre, on drums, they have become, though still a bit rough, a powerful trio that hopefully is powerful enough to show these L.A. rockers what's up. One L.A. rock mag said in a review, "Deathride '69 are probably the world's only acid rock band/ensemble/troupe/collection of technicolored people who bang on things..." If that'll give you any idea of where some of these L.A.ers are coming from - I think they all missed the "industrial revolution", and considering that Death Ride is sort of an evolution to much of L.A. they may find themselves turning the heads and attracting the crowds. Death Ride has captured a great sound, cool look, and they are going with it. They are now working with Flipside Records and will be releasing an new remix of their Elvis-Christ LP in the next few weeks. interviewed by Darby.

E: You know, I wish they had 3-dimensional magazines... See that picture where it says, "Sister" on the record (refering to the Sonic Youth, "Sister"LP on the floor)? That's my postcard.
D: Your postcard?
E: We (SAVAGE REPUBLIC) sent to SONIC YOUTH. On the back, we wrote this psychotic thing.
B: So they used it on their album cover?



Buck - bass

E: Yeah.
D: Are you friends with them?
E: I'm friends with Lee. I'm friends with most of them. I'm friends with three-fourths of the band.
D: Why? Who's the one-fourth?
E: I'm not going to say. I just don't get along with seven foot Dennis the Menaces. No, I don't really — I get along with Thurston too, but he just totally slagged SAVAGE REPUBLIC the last time they were here.
L: He slags everybody man.
E: I know, but we were legitimate friends with them for a while until they became rock gods... Well, actually considering what they're doing, they're not nearly as obnoxious as they could be. Not nearly as bad as...
B: JANE'S ADDICTION.
E: The thing about SONIC YOUTH is they are all intelligent, and they're all, like me and Kim we have an art background. So, they're more — they look at themselves more as artists than as rock gods. They know they can only go so far playing noise music, even if now they're college-radio darlings. They're not going to be JANE'S ADDICTION.
D: Okay, forget that band. Let's talk about this rad band called... Okay, can you give me a history of this band and it's members?
B: Got a couple of hours?
D: Well, let's summarize.
B: Start from the first gig at Al's Bar.
L: Well, all it is — it just started out as a bass-drums duo with Don Diego and we had a couple of guitar players. Don failed and we've got Buck and Ethan now.
D: When did the band start?
L: August 17, 1987. Elvis' 10-year death anniversary. We played Al's Bar, open mike.
D: What bands had any of you been in before?
L: Buck was in a weird Manson-family art-dance band.
B: I was in a band called RISE.
E: I was in a THROBBING GRISTLE rip-off band in 1979-1980 called ARTIFICIAL EXTERMINATION.
L: Insemination. You implanted weird ideas into people's heads.
E: We played in the fall-out shelter by UCLA, all-concrete reverb chambers. Then me and Greg joined SAVAGE REPUBLIC. Then SAVAGE REPUBLIC broke up and then I joined DEATH RIDE '69. And that is your life, ding ding!
D: So, what's happening with SAVAGE REPUBLIC?
E: Well, Bruce quit, so now most of the members of SAVAGE REPUBLIC are considering doing FINAL REPUBLIC.
L: A final project, I guess.
E: Yeah, they're all going to be called SAVAGE DEATH.
D: '89.
E: No, cos' we had all the material for the next SAVAGE REPUBLIC record ready, but then the band broke up. There's two SAVAGE REPUBLIC records they haven't released yet.
L: I was in a band in D.C. called GRAND MAL, like an epileptic seizure. And my first band was like this total iconoclast project called IDOL WORSHIP, and that was like a big thing to me.
B: What about WORMBABY?
L: Well, like WORMBABY was like GRAND MAL before we changed the names.
D: You were always on drums?
L: Yeah.
D: How did you learn to play the drums so strangely.
L: I started in 5th grade, and I just sort of went through all the shit — orchestra, concert band and all that stuff. I played everything.
E: I was in an all-girl band except for me, called THE PAGAN SOULS.
D: Did you wear a skirt?
E: We never played any shows. These girls were so lame. We'd set up shows and...
L: They'd flake out?
E: No, they'd freak out. They didn't flake out, they'd have like these anxiety attacks and they'd cancel the shows like two days before. But, I learned how to play drums. There's some other bands in there too. Oh, they weren't bands, they were like these projects that we used to play at the Anti-Club to piss off Helen, the owner. We'd do like these five or ten minute projects. Like there was this one band called SMEGMA where we'd just play a lot of tape loops and bang on shopping carts (laughter). And then we had a couple of other things where it was all audience participation. We'd throw all this percussion and metal stuff out into the audience.



Ethan - guitar/vocals & things

L: I bet that drove her crazy.
E: Yeah, but the only reason we did it was because Russell, who ran the Anti-Club, he'd let us in for free if we'd perform. So we'd think of these really quick five minute performances. There was a group of about ten of us and we'd be there every week doing these five minute performances so we could get in free.
L: God, that's funny. Alright, next question.
D: Okay, let's see — what happened to Rex (an ex-Death Ride '69 member)?
E: Rex left after Buck, because he felt so guilty about these homosexual tendencies. (Laughter).
L: No, no!
B: Rex was a darling soul who was finally picked up on the God train.

Well, he wasn't fed up, he freaked out — freaked out on drugs man. He told us later that "Day-Glo is a false god" (laughter) and "the Elvis-Christ image is a total blasphemy and is against God" and that the whole scene was built on "vanity, greed, lust, sex, drugs" and all that kind of stuff and that it's all the workings of Satan and it makes the music really addictive.

L: No... he, was — Satan was lusting after Rex's soul because Rex opened the door with too much crystal meth, which we call "crystal death" because it's taken so many of our friends down scary roads.
E: "Crystal Rex"...
B: He basically got fed up with the whole thing and

DEATH RIDE 69

decided to go for the Jesus scene.

D: And now he's saved?

L: Well, he wasn't fed up, he freaked out — freaked out on drugs man. He told us later that "Day-Glo is a false god" (laughter) and "the Elvis-Christ image is a total blasphemy and is against God" and that the whole scene was built on "vanity, greed, lust, sex, drugs" and all that kind of stuff and that it's all the workings of Satan and it makes the music really addictive.

B: He talked about this big conspiracy and that we were all involved in this major conspiracy to capture his soul.

L: Everything is a big conspiracy to drag everyone down into like some dark world or something. It's just like if you did crystal meth a couple of times a day for two weeks and didn't sleep — you start severely hallucinating, it mimics psychosis. I mean, two or three days and you start hearing voices and shit. Well, try doing it for two weeks man! Next thing you know, you think you're hearing God or whatever, and maybe you are!

D: I saw the band almost a year ago. Since then, how has it evolved?

B: When did you see it?

D: The Krypt.

L: Well, the band now — in my opinion, is very much more high-energy, has a lot more impact.

D: It seemed very acid that night, and I wasn't on any.

L: Yeah, in the past it all used to be "stand there and get freaky." And now it's like...

E: We're taking a more psychotic direction.

L: Yeah. Now, we like attack the songs you know.

E: SAVAGE REPUBLIC took on a more psychotic direction after I joined too.

B: I think there's a new approach now.

L: The approach is cooler.

E: Buck and I piss each other off a lot when we're on stage.

B: I think we feed more off inspiration. It's not so much like a song recital. I mean we practice the songs and we get everything worked out but we really go off...

L: When it's like live — anything can happen. Who knows?

B: Yeah, inspiration.

L: I'd like to promote our voluptuous male "Glo" dancers. The two mohawk boys that like, you know —

B: Mike and André.

L: Yeah, instead of the mini-skirt, go-go dancer girls, we have the opposite — thrash boots...

B: Day-glo, mohawked hipthrusters!

D: Do drugs influence your music or is the audience...

B: Oh, unfortunately yeah, that's true. 90% of our music is inspired by psychedlic charm.

L: Either that or the concept of psychedelics. It's also the concept of non-reality and something like that...

B: I think music, as a vehicle towards experience, should be inspired by non-experienced reality. So, yeah, 90% of it comes from the psychedelic experience. Travelling from the cosmos. Dipping your dick into the vortex... (laughter). But, you know — it's true, it's really boring to listen these straight-edged bands that come off with like these ego riffs.

L: They're more like "macho riffs." Like uh, uh.

B: Yeah, macho — you know, "I went to GIT and I know how to do this chord and that chord." Fuck that shit. You know, it's more like inspiration which is whatever happens when you're playing music.

D: What do you think about guitar solos?

B: I think guitar solos suck.

E: I'd play guitar solos if I could.

B: Ethan animates, he doesn't play.

L: He plays tape-loop leads. He plays tape loop solos.

E: I've been playing guitar since I was in fifth grade and I'm a really shitty guitar player. I can play live...

D: I think shitty guitar players are normally better.

L: Yeah! One of my favorite bands is The SHAGGS, you know.

B: The SHAGGS are God.

L: ...and PUSSY GALORE.

B: Our music is designed to fracture the mind. That basically sums it up.

D: Are you accomplishing it?

B: It seems like it. A lot of people come up to us after our shows and they're just babbling these weird things, they don't know what to say.

L: We've had the sound man at Coconut Teaszer, and this is so funny, we did this really flipped out show there, and the soundman afterwards comes up and says, "God, man! You guys were giving me flashbacks!" (Laughter)

B: Yeah, he's this fourty-year, ex-acidhead and he said, "I haven't seen something like that since the '60's man!"

L: And then Len Fagen, the guy who owns the place, he comes up and says, "I haven't seen anything that radical here since — ever!" He couldn't even think of a close second! And he's been around this area — down The Strip since the 60's.

B: At first, they dropped their jaws, they didn't know what to do. But, by the end of the set they were just fully getting down. We just won 'em over.

E: It was like one of those times when we gambled and won. Like, I was really sceptical going there. I really like those kind of shows where you're really the underdog and everyone hates you (laughter) and it's more of a challenge. Problem is, half of our shows lately have been, like we suck and it's been embarrassing.

D: And they'll never give you another chance either.

B: No, they sucked, we were fine.

E: We went to Club Post-Nuclear with the express intent of never playing there again, so we had no reason to play well.

L: Oh, that was a fun show. We just went there and thrashed the place.

B: We just went there to piss people off.

E: I had 6'5" friends come down to be bodyguards.

L God, it was so fun.

B: And then this "riot" occurred.

L: Well, two people went to the hospital. That's pretty good.

Orange County sucks, they're all conservative, red-neck nazis. Like Club Post-Nuclear, it's the weirdest thing I've ever seen. It's like these Hitler Youth homos on ecstasy. It's like the weirdest combinations of ideologies.

E: It was a real riot, but it only lasted a minute. But, for that one minute there was some scuff.

L: Some good blood — pillage. For the record, I would encourage no one to go down to Club Post-Nuclear. It's a waste of money.

D: We're banned, they won't let our magazine in there. It's too scary for them. They had a meeting over it.

L: Waaaah. Well, we thought like Orange County — what the heck, go down there do it and split...

E: Orange County is so lame. I've been in bands for a long time. I've played a lot of a clubs in Orange County, and except for Safari Sam's, they all sucked. And the only reason that was good was because of that one guy — I don't know what he was doing in Orange County.

L: Well, it was a Tiki Hut, man. It was a great place, how could you not do a cool show there.

E: It was like this anomaly. He used to get so much shit from the cops because he had this weird club. Orange County sucks, they're all conservative, red-neck nazis. Like Club Post-Nuclear, it's the weirdest thing I've ever seen. It's like these Hitler Youth homos on ecstasy. It's like the weirdest combinations of ideologies.

B: No alcohol, no smoking, no fun.

L: Yeah, you can't smoke a goddamned cigarette inside there! It's just like — even incense, I had incense burning.

E: I know. We saw NITZER EBB there. It was the most boring, mindless show in the universe.

L: They were all totally xing. I could just tell. I use to do x a lot, and I went out all the time, but now, in retrospect it's like god, I know I was making a scene, I'm sure.

B: Hey, we don't promote drug abuse, but we do promote...

BL: (In unison) drug use! (Laughter).

D: That's good. Once you abuse it, then you're fucked.

B: Yeah, then you're stupid.

D: You lose a lot of good friends that way, then they can't do drugs with you anymore.

B: Yeah, right.

L: You'll end up like Rex, you know.

B: Take a lot of the ex-members of DEATH RIDE '69.

L: Exactly!

B: Drug abusers are losers. Leads to hell in Loserville. I mean how many good musicians have died, you know, on a heroin overdose, or any kind of drug abuse.

L: You've got to moderate, you know. You can't max

Continued

Linda - drums/vocals

out all the time.

E: The crystal oblivion.

B: Don't Rex out. Don't be Rexless.

L: Don't get Rexed out. Rexed. Rexus Christ.

D: Okay, are there any band politics?

B: Yeah. No fucking the band members. That's our first rule.

L: That's the first rule.

B: Ethan never follows that rule, but we don't care.

E: Yeah, I take what I want.

B: Like Ethan's married to Annabelle, like she tickles my loins but, I mean I'm not going to go pounce on her. And, well — we could talk all night about Linda... (laughter).

L: Keep talkin'... let's hear... I saw an ad in the X press, it said "Women, make money selling your old underwear to me! (Laughter) It said, "Send free sample or photo." And I thought, "Free sample?" What are you supposed to do, cut a corner of your underwear off and send it to him?

E: Just a little piece of the crotch — the cheesy part?

L: AAAAAHHHHGGG!!

B: Thay say it inspires lust.

D: That's the band politics?

L: Right now, you can boycott Exxon. That's what we're endorsing.

B: Yeah, we're not a very political band. Yeah, fuck Exxon.

D: I can see your a trendy political band. (Laughter)

L: The problem is, by the time this makes it in print, politics are always changing. And as soon as you put yourself down for eternity on paper, something changes — and then you look back and go "Oh, God..."

E: We kind of agree politically about things but to say like, "We're this or we're that" is really stupid.

L: To nail yourself down at any point in time is really lame.

D: Are there kind of things that you feel strong about, and that you've felt strong about?

B: Yeah, we believe in freedom.

L: Well, yeah. And we're into animal liberation. You know, and we're into non-mainstream type stuff, I'm sure. We're pro-environment, anti-nuclear. All that kind of stuff, but almost everyone I know into that would probably be reading this magazine. We just did a benefit for, what was it... "human rights"? At Amnesty whatever.

E: Amnesty International.

B: Which is strange, since no one paid to go there. I'm not sure...

L: I don't really know how they made money.

D: The pizza guy.

B: The pizza people (laughter).

D: Yeah. You were supposed to get free pizza.

B: We didn't even get a slice. Fuck 'em.

E: Actually, it wasn't called a benefit, it was called a concert.

L: It was an awareness rally or something.

D: I was aware that the second band really sucked.

E: Should we say that WOOD AND SMOKE suck? No, no we shouldn't say that. They were cool.

D: Maybe we shouldn't say that, because maybe they'll feel bad that we're putting them down just because they cut your playing time in half.

B: They cut into our set, but they gave us a plug in the middle of their set. So, hey — what.

D: Oh, God. That's very political. Very political band.

E: And how did we return the favor...

B: Ass kissers — pucker up and kiss.

B: I want to talk about the music scene in L.A.

D: Okay, go ahead, be my guest.

B: What the fuck's going on in L.A.?

Clubs are now mentioned and edited for the future of this bands L.A. club playing potential. Everyone's got an opinion, but noone (and I mean a lot of bands) want that to fuck up their music. I guess that's how it goes. We can all complain about the clubs but.. I guess bands are playing the victum as far as SOME clubs go and really don't see their potential because there are so many rival bands in L.A. Another band can fill your spot in seconds so why risk it - it's so hard to get a good gig already. But if all these bands got together and worked together... The clubs make money off them - the clubs need the bands to survive. I think the bands are forgetting who's got the upper hand. If bands could just get together (they could do the equivelent of a strike or something - there must be something) and end such cruelties as pay to play and change the way SOME club owners treat band members. O.k., end of detour, back to the interview.

Photo: Damion Romero

A Death Ride Family Portrait.

B: It seems like heavy metal is taking over. There's a large audience for like really good, real music. But, somehow it just keeps getting shut out.

L: The metal and glam scene has really taken over. It's really weird.

B: Yeah, and it's bullshit. I don't know why, but it's almost like we need to leave town and go — I mean, not leave town, but — like, there's other places where the underground scene is flourishing and in L.A. it's not flourishing.

D: But, you know I think we've hit the bottom. I don't think there's any farther down we can go. It can only get better from here.

B: There's a lot of people who are into it, but somehow it's just not getting out into the open.

E: Well, it's because all the independent networks have been bought out and destroyed by the big record companies. That's one of the main reasons why all these bands are trying to be so professional. It's because you just can't put out a record anymore 'cos all the medium-sized independent distributors got closed down.

L: Yeah, they closed down a lot of them.

E: Like this last summer was brutal. There's like four major distributors closed over the summer. Well, see the thing about independent records and stuff, is that the amount of money involved is so small that it's just a matter of time for other ones to open up. And especially with digital technology, as soon as people can put stuff out on digital tapes you won't need to press records. Like in 10 years, there's going to be this whole new kind of revival. One, because of the way things are going now, it's getting so boring that people are going to get really pissed off again. But, two is that technology is going to make it so easy.

D: Yeah, really.

E: Right. It's just kind of a matter of waiting.

L: Ask us what the '69 is?

B: What is "'69"? What's that mysterious "'69" mean?

L: Why is everyone so fascinated by that number?

B: Is it the sexual connotation?

L: I mean, you go to AM Mini-Mart, coffee is 69 cents, pink Hostess Sno-Balls are 69 cents. You know, juice is...

D: Inflation has turned us into a very sexual community.

E: Can you imagine "Sno-Ball oral sex"?

B: I'm sure you can.

E: All that oozing white pus coming out.

L: Ahhh, then there's that chocolate cake. And then there's the year 1969.

B: That's when we penetrated the moon egg and that's when Manson slashed a few people.

L: Nixon was elected, Elvis made his comeback.

B: Yeah, it's got that political side, for all these political people.

L: They made really good cars that year.

B: And it's one hell of a sexual position. It's got the yin-yang Chinese shit.

B: It's got that equal yet opposite, you know, harmony vibe.

L: And it's also like the male/female... I've got a theory that bands with a balance of the sexes sound better.

D: Are you balanced? (Laughter) Is there anything else you want to answer or talk about? Where does the band want to go — this'll be the last question.

L: Hopefully on a tour of somewhere soon.

D: What do you think is going to happen to the world?

B: It's going to burn in a blazing fury.

L: It's going to be covered with oil.

E: If all the superpowers actually find a way to get along, then that'll be all nice. We won't have to worry about a nuclear war. Then, in about 50 years we're going to be afflicted with overpopulation and then we're going to choke ourselves to death. Or, lots of people are going to be miserable. And thanks to information technology, everyone's going to know exactly what we're doing every second of the day. It's not going to be like 1984, it's going to be more like 2024 or something. The same idea though, maybe. The future, I don't know. It's pretty weird. The future could go either way.

Death Ride/Savage Republic Tapes
1341 Ocean Ave. #326
Santa Monica, CA 90401

BEN IS DEAD RECORD REVIEWS

A.G'S, 7'

Traditional California style punk (ie: Circle Jerks, etc.) though these guys are from NH. There's no progression from the old punk music but that doesn't necessarily make it any less enjoyable. Lyrics about girls, not wanting to work, and girls. Sounds good. ***-Darby*** (A.G's, P.O. Box 1073, Durham, NH 03824)

ALICE DONUT, "Buckets of Sickness and Horror" LP

Medium-to-fast tempo punk-rock from Alternative Tentacles. Good music without bullshit. Vocals, at times, remind me of BUTTHOLE SURFERS. A nice, clean-sounding, rockin' record. Check it out. ***-Mr. Bohonus*** (Alternative Tentacles, P.O. Box 11458, San Fransisco, CA 94101)

ALL, "Allroys Revenge" LP

I'll be the first to admit that I've never been a big ALL fan. I always thought their first releases were weak pop and a disappointment to any DESCENDENTS fan. But, this album is great. A new singer, punchier production and a cohesive bunch of songs make this release very enjoyable as well as a cut above most shallow, forgetable pop. They're not the DESCENDENTS but this record should certainly make a strong indication of what they can do. A really good job. ***-Lance*** (Cruz Records, P.O. Box 7756, Long Beach, CA 90807)

THE A.G'S

BRYAN'S SONG:THE POGEY SONG:DON'T NEED ANYONE

ANGEL OF THE ODD, "Hiding From Fears" LP

Ben was playing this album as I was passed out on the couch, as I was coming in and out of touch with my outside world, I heard a beautiful voice and thought I was making it up in my sleep... I was worried that I wouldn't find out who it was. But my bad breath won out, being too horrendous for me to take anymore and I forced myself to arise from my distorted state. The first thing I asked was "who is this" and "her voice is beautiful." The sound —. well it's hard. to describe,though 4AD might fit. Something along the lines of DEAD CAN DANCE or COCTEAU TWINS yet not completely alike (just the feeling). The vocals sound similar to the lead singer of THROWING MUSES and are sung very slow, melodic... emotional. "Dying Within" is the most aggressive song on the album... has a BAUHAUS feel to it... it is a great song. But many of the songs sound too similar and you know what they say about variety. Overall this album is a good effort and recommended to any and all who have the patience for slow, well conceived music. ***-Darby*** (Aztlan Records, P.O. Box 244, Monrovia, CA 91017)

ANGKOR WAT, "When Obscenity Becomes the Norm... Awake."

More socially-conscious speedcore? Almost makes me want to believe Steve Albini's philosophy of life. In this incarnation (mutation?) of speed metal and "core 'tudes", we find five kids from somewhere in Texas with real cool parents. Using clichéd metal riffs, punk vocalizations, they growl about suicide, T.V. evangelists, oppression, and... you know. ***-Omaha*** (Metalblade Records)

BLACK SUN ENSEMBLE, "Lambent Flame" LP

Artsy, mystical, mid-east flavored, but very modern music from the heart of the Sonoran Desert (Tucson, AZ). Jesus Acedo, Odin Helgison and Merlin, among others in the band, really know their shit. If you want to know what the hot sun can do to a person, give a listen to this finely-produced record, especially to find out what "electric and acoustic peacock feathers" sound like. ***-Mr. Bohonus*** (Reckless Records)

BUTTSTEAK, "There's a Fowl Wind Blowing" demo

Where bands like the B-52's, the CRAMPS and SONIC YOUTH first began, BUTTSTEAK has now begun. This is the best "what the fuck is this" music I've gotten yet. These guys are doing whatever they want to - you can tell. It feels disturbingly natural. Like the same kind of songs I make up when I'm being totally obnoxious or when I'm taking a shower or driving. They've been able to capture them. A whole song goes, la, la la la, la la, la, la la la and stops only briefly to talk about pigs. They state in an interview that they put a lot of effort into their stage shows, making them different each time. Sounds like we need some BUTTSTEAK in L.A. It sounds like the beginning of something good. ***-Darby*** (BUTTSTEAK, 1065 #2, West 40th St., Norfolk, VA 23508)

CHEMICAL PEOPLE, "Tenfold Hate" LP

The second album from these notorious porno buffs shows a marked improvement in material and overall playing, which continually gets better as the band goes along. Add to this, the excellent production courtesy of — who else? Bill Stevenson, and you have some mighty appealing punk-pop lunacy that proves irresistible. As usual, the lyrics tend to concern themselves with good-old raging hormones, ("Cherry On A Sunday", "Cop A Feel") and there ain't nothing wrong with that. A really cool disc. P.S. How about covering the GIZMOS' "Muff Diving In Wilkie South", guys? ***-Mike Snider*** (Cruz Records)

CROWBAR SALVATION, "Kiss The Brain" Mini LP

Before the review of the actual contents of this LP begins, a reference must first be made to the packaging of this album. A top rate full color sleeve that far surpasses the style of most major record company produce. Credit must be given to the Art Director's (credited here to Peter, Paul and Mary who between chorus' of "Puff The Magic Dragon" did a brilliant job) and to photographer Paul Robert Brown, whose back cover band shots are quite intriguing.

Now we put the needle to the record for the review. Rock n' roll, pure and simple. "Salvation" is over six minutes long and the vocals at the end of the song sound a bit like the wailing of Lux Interior (but they are not anything like THE CRAMPS). "Crack Boom Bang" is rock, screeching guitars, great vocals, rockin' drum beat. Good song to toss your wild masses of hair about to. Side two is definitely the more Punk influenced side. "Monkey Wrench" is possibly the best track on this record - I like the pacing on this one. This record is a far departure from THE SURF PUNKS in which rhythm guitarist Drew Steele used to be in. There's twangy rockabilly guitar mixed with rock guitar throughout this record. A great mix!! All the tracks on this mini-LP (6 in all) really cut the mustard. ***-Marla Tate*** (Sympathy Records, 4901 Virginia Ave., Long Beach, CA 90805)

THE CROWD, "Big Fish Stories" LP

O.K., before you read this one - well this review was pretty harsh. Obviously, this reviewer didn't like the record too much but also, obviously, he went a little overboard on the review. What do you expect from a guy who wrote the book, "I Hate You." Then again, I was the one who left this record so cowardly on his doorstep. Take it or leave it.

No new ground covered here, just the same 'ole fa, la, la. The CROWD? You mean there's more of these fucking clowns? Yes, there is. And Flipside will be first in line at Hugh Slate's office if they keep this shit up. *The music?* Ya... I listened to the goddamned record, even though it was left on my doorstep in a very cowardly fashion. What's it sound like? I'll tell you. It sounds like something blaring out of a VW Cabriolet filled with young, nubile, sexless, coked-out, drunk teenagers doing doughnuts in the UCLA Faculty Parking Lot. This record is so rocking and intense it makes me want to shop... at Beverly Center even. *The lyrics?* These lyrics sound like they were written by a

drunk housewife with PMS. Real mind-blowing shit like, "I fell in love and I can't fall out...", "My radar's no good, your magnet pulls too strong..." and, "Money, oh money is what you're really after." And then there's "No easy way to say 'touche!'" Yea! And there's even a photo of the band and a "CROWD FAX line"!! And just to show that these guys are on the cutting edge, there's even a song about the Trix Rabbit. If I were the Trix Rabbit, I'd sue these fux... RECAP:

1) Shitty cover, at least six people were listed as creating it — I say, cut their hands off!
2) Unoriginal, non-creative, typical Buffy and Jody-type stuff... which I never cared for.
3) Lyrics that rival CULTURE CLUB.
4) A band info sheet (at least with my copy) that literally drips with the saliva of just about any major label A&R felcher.
5) Obvious nepotism.
6) They live in Huntington Beach (so feel free to bomb their house).

RECOMMENDATION: *Buy this record only for the following reasons:*

A. You are an idiot.
B. You are retarded and the Trix Rabbit appeals to you.
C. Your car is missing a hubcap.

-Mr. Bohonus (Flipside Records, P.O. Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608)

DEE DEE KING, "Standing In the Spotlight" LP

As the first solo LP by any RAMONE, DEE DEE (RAMONE) KING's record pleasantly surprised me. It's not the RAMONES kiddies! "Standing In the Spotlight" is a conglomeration of all types of music, mixing 50's and 60's pop. Then there's "Mashed Potato Time" (a combination of "Monster Mash" and "The Mashed Potato") and "Brooklyn Babe," (New York's answer to "California Girls"). There's even a pop/wave B52's-style ditty entitled "Commotion in the Ocean," and a ballad (!) called "Baby Doll." Yes, RAMONES fans, there are some RAMONES-style songs on this slab of wax: "Poor Little Rich Girl", "Emergency" and "The Crusher". The lyrics on this LP are witty and it's well-paced and varied. If you hate rap, you don't have to sit through the entire "A" side of it. The only sign of self-indulgence is that DEE DEE KING must mention his name in every song! Oh well, old egos die hard. ***-Marla Tate*** (Sire Records)

EYEBALL, "Prosthetic Head" 7" EP

The band has some signs of real creativity and originality, however, it is poorly recorded and their singer has a very irritating voice... maybe next time around? ***-Mr. Bohonus*** (Lookout Records, P.O. Box 1000, Laytonville, CA 95454) *Heard they broke up already.*

FEARLESS LEADER, "Little Devil"/"Piece 0 Action" 7"

FEARLESS LEADER's "Little Devil" should not in any way be connected with THE CULT song by the same name. FEARLESS LEADER's record might not be as polished or as slick but as far a listenability goes this record is much more enjoyable. I'm trying to draw some comparisons between FEARLESS LEADER's sound and that of its contemporaries, but the band reminds me of many bits and pieces of other bands that it's hard to draw such comparisons. This record should satisfy both punks and (non-Sunset Strip) rockers. The test of a good record is whether or not after a couple of spins on the turntable, you'd go see this band on a Thursday night at Raji's. The answer -YES!! ***-Marla Tate*** (Trigon Records, 6837 Hanna Avenue, Canoga Park, CA 91303)

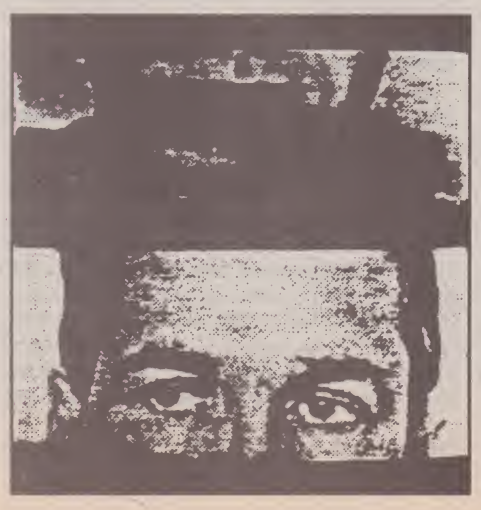
FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, "Ganglife" C

You know, it really sucks when you like someones music but they are singing things that you just can't stomach. This music is hot; great guitar licks and snapping drums, faced-paced, singer's got a pretty good voice too. I simply can not deal with listening to someone saying "I read about Nazi Germany with honor and dignity at their side, they fought the enemy far and wide... Hitler was the only way... holocaust, the time is now, Adolf Hitler showed you how," all the while it sounds like a healthy bunch of marines for back up singers chanting throughout, "Sieg Heil." That's a little creepy to me. Darby said they sent her a letter saying they no longer held to their fascist beliefs. I'd personally like to see some proof of that. If they changed their political beliefs they might be my next favorite band - but if not I'll never play their music again. ***-Shannon*** (Fight For Freedom, P.O. Box 4054 Valley Villace, N. Hollywood, CA 91604)

Just shows you how trendy this racist bullshit is.

GOO GOO DOLLS, "Jed" LP

Metalblade Records. That name sends shivers down my spine. What am I going to have to sit through? Self-indulgent, heavy metal, headbanging-chick banging "music." I saved this review for last. I guess names can be deceiving. This band faintly reminds me of THE CHEMICAL PEOPLE if they had more wailing guitars. "Love Doll" is speed-metal at its very best. "Out Of Sight" and "Misfortune" are good, old-fashioned U.S.A. punk rock tunes. "7th Of Last Month (or Iggy The Cat Gets A Bath)" is one of the silliest titles for a song I've heard since THE STINGRAYS wrote "Joe Strummer's Wallet." There are a couple of covers on this record including "Down On The Corner" ("vocals by the Incredible Lance Diamond or so the record sleeve says). Good version too! "Had Enough" qualifies for KXLU airplay. Very catchy. "Artie", believe it or not has vocals a bit like Jake Burns on early STIFF LITTLE FINGERS records. The second cover on this record is a very metal version of "Gimmie Shelter." The GOO GOO DOLLS hail from Buffalo, New York and are a very tight, speed metal/punk/indie crossover band. Don't let the name **Metal**blade fool you! ***-Marla Tate*** (Death Records - A division of Metalblade Records)



HELL'S KITCHEN, "If You Can't Take The Heat..."

The best metal record to come forth my way in aeons. "If You Can't Take The Heat " obliterates the competition with some superb mind-numbing nuggets like "Spiral Staircase" and "Farm Animal", which burst out of the mold with more power and abandon than you'll ever have. But, what insures their divine status as Reichsfuhrers of mastermind melt metal is their awesome, supremely righteous cover of SPINAL TAP's classic, "Tonight I'm Gonna Rock You Tonight", which insures HELL'S KITCHEN of eternal Godhead. A definite masterpiece of self-described "poser metal." ***-Mike Snider*** (Boner Records)

HOUSE OF LARGE SIZES, "One Big Cake"

Being as Cedar Hills, Iowa, isn't exactly overrunning with bands of any type — much less JANE'S ADDICTION wanna-be's, these guys can be partly forgiven for sounding like Perry Farrell and company at times. When they leave the JA influences behind and stick to more straightforward tunes ("Cold-Train", "T-Time in Memphis", "Pain is Pain"), they manage to do some decent stuff, but otherwise, HOUSE OF LARGE SIZES come off as being okay, listenable, but within the highest reaches of mediocrity. ***-Mike Snider*** (Toxic Shock Records, P.O. Box 43787, Tuscon, AZ 85733)

HULLABALOO, "Beat Until Stiff" LP

Loud, grungy and highly damaged, HULLABALOO stomp and swagger their way through some ballsy rock n' roll noise which simultaneously warps your brain at the same time that it gets you going, displaying the force of a 5 billion megaton-sized sledgehammer bashed into a tender newborn cerebellum. HULLABALOO's prime, twisted assault lies somewhere in between MOTORHEAD and KILLDOZER, and if that isn't recommendation enough to do anything — rob, rape, steal, sell your ass on Santa Monica, sell your entire family to Middle Eastern idiot savant dwarves in order to get your hands on "Beat Until Stiff", than you should put down this mag right now and immediately start shooting heroin in your dick and have a threesome with RICK ASTLEY and the nearest available diseased, mutilated cow, because HULLABALOO are Jah Rastafari incarnate! Worship them or perish! ***-Mike Snider*** (Toxic Shock Records)

THEE HYPNOTICS, "Thee Hypnotics" LP

This would no doubt be fun love, but it's a little monotonous to listen to while you're just hanging out. Interesting - 60's heavy guitar, straight out rock 'n roll; I guess they were just born about 20

years too late. ***-Shannon*** (Beggars Banquet)

INSULIN REACTION, "What's the Point" LP

Doom, gloom, misery, the usual. Tribal, in a weird sort of way. Slamming, yet with very basic, wavering vocals. The music never changes and the singer weaves his way through the cycling sounds as if in a trance. I like the lyrics, which talk in scriptural tones about the coming holocaust... life is empty, all we experience are "reflections of the inner trouble, there is no bond between us." T.S. Eliot would've dug them.
-Shannon (Babok, Ltd., c/o Toxic Shock)

KLAUS FLOURIDE, "Because I Say So" LP

(Klaus, of DK fame - Klaus is a neat-o-guy). Get this album so you can get the form to check into the Flouride Treatment Center. Eerie, ambient, (jazzy & experimental) instrumentals with ocean sounds (it's that SF Bay influenced). Kinda freaky-weird horns. Shit that sounds like elephants on smack. There's enough weird shit from S.F. to freak me out - S.R.L., Ralph Records and all those nuts - Residents especially. Welp, I think Klaus partied a little too hard with those guys. This music has the same way of crawling under your skin and tweaking your nerves. Sophisticated - a little overproduced - lot's of studio tricks or maybe someone was just playing with a new sampler. Check it out. ***-Shannon*** (Alternative Tentacles)

LARD, "Power of Lard" 12" EP

Jello from DEAD KENNEDY's and Jourgensen from MINISTRY... an interesting combination, not as interesting as the results. Half the record sounds like a "high tech" DK song. The other half is one LONG, SLOW repetitious dirge. I like Side A. Side B? Well, it's okay, a bit long, if you like that kind of music. It's also available on CD, if you want to check it out, buy the record and save some money, as it only has three songs on it. ***-Mr. Bohonus*** (Alternative Tentacles)
Darby says, "This one's great (side one). You must give it a try."

LAZY COWGIRLS, "Radio Cowgirl" LP

This is a live LP. The band is reasonably good, more rock than punk rock. Half of the songs on this LP however, are cover songs. Buy this record if you are a diehard LAZY COWGIRL fan. If not, you may want to pick up one of their other LP's. ***- Mr. Bohonus*** (Sympathy Records)

LITTLE KINGS, "Take It Off!" 12" EP

Grinding, evil sludgerock from this New York power trio composed of one guy and two girls, who recently treated L.A. to their unholy presence with some wickedly great live shows. This is their most recent piece of vinyl, and it drips with the darkest depravities and unspeakable lust — everything that makes life worth living. Musically, they suggest a blasphemous progeny of some forbidden union of the CRAMPS and early BLACK SABBATH, noise that'll corrupt you permanently and rot your brain into a mound of useless jelly. While Sally and Lisa work on your crotch, Jerry spins tales of desperation and degradation that'll move you like a vise grip around your skull. Highly recommended, without speaking. ***-Mike Snider*** (Buy Our Records)

THE LOAFIN' HYENAS, "Move It"/"Scatter" 7"

This record has a definite CRAMPS influence which is quite refreshing considering the fact that the psychobilly scene in London has taken such a down spin and that scene never really existed in America. THE LOAFIN' HYENAS are remnant of THE METEORS ("Move It" is very similar in style to "Little Red Riding Hood), THE GUANA BATZ and KING KURT (the howling and shrieking gorilla/monkey sounds in the faster-paced "Scatter" bring the KING KURT comparison). This is a good slab of vinyl, or shall I say a good slab of 7" vinyl which is a rare commodity these days. Let's thank Sympathy For The Record Industry for not falling prey to the ney-sayers of this world and continuing to put out quality material on America's latest dying art form, the 7" record. ***-Marla Tate*** (Sympathy Records)

What is this?

MEDIA CHILDREN, "Slaughter of the Innocent" demo

"What's going to destroy our planet is the meat industry." 4 songs, 2 (?) poems, and a listing and sample of bands who are not in it for the money on side one. Animal rights demonstrations on the other. The music is o.k., the vocals are somewhat weak, but what they're lacking in talent and production (which I'm sure includes a cassette recorder) is replaced with emotion and assertiveness. This is not your typical demo tape. This is by no means a demo to please the music industry types. This is a demo where the music is only an outlet to the words they wish to convey. These are words concerning nuclear war, starvation, racism, sexism, vegetarianism... If punk is to go (stay) anywhere, this is the direction I'd prefer - a socially conscious one. And if you think punk is dead check out "More Profit To Be Made", that sings, "...Punk will never be dead cause someone will always care. Punk is a spirit and an attitude not a fashion. Wake up and see punk really is not dead..." (which is actually a cool tune). "Protest and survive before it's too late." ***- Darby***
(Media Children, P.O. Box 6188, Fullerton, CA 92634 - just send a blank tape and 4 stamps and this one's yours)

NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH, "Now Hiring Smiling Faces"7" EP

This band is testing their grounds and all that exciting creativity shows through. Aggressive, refreshing, intelligent, experimental punk. This five song EP covers numerous topics on money, government, bullshit, (hey, those all seem to go together well, huh?). Recommended. ***-Darby***
(Vinyl Communications, P.O. Box 8623, Chula Vista, CA 92012)

NEW MODEL ARMY, "Thunder And Consolation"

If you're already a NEW MODEL ARMY fan, then you'll like this record. Nothing shocking, nothing new, nothing different. Standard NMA fare. If you're not an fan, then this album is as good a one as any to cut your NMA teeth on. NMA have always been a talented band with strong politics backing their music. I would really like to see the band be a little more experimental. They should try to expand their horizons. ***-Marla Tate*** (Capitol Records)

ONE THIN DIME, Demo

Pretty happening stuff that shows a lot of different influences, predominantly DESCENDANTS, LEAVING TRAINS and HUSKER DU, but the singer sounds a little like Lemmy at times. Definitely a unique item in this age when most bands around seem to be clones of somebody else — these guys definitely deserve checking out.
-Mike Snider

OPERATION IVY, "Energy" LP

From Berkeley, OPERATION IVY play some hard hitting hardcore and punk that is very on target. With interruptions (or that's how I see it) of a few rasta tunes (that I'm not in the right stage/

state for) sounding extremely CLASH-like. Also many upbeat ska songs that are tastefully classic. Lyrics are compassionate and well thought, dealing with reality and the harshness of it. Example: "Concrete and chaos rise up, spiderweb across the land like a giant rash. Forests lie down below foundations of buildings in a bed of ash. Some people here got it real good, 'cuz the glass towers bring prosperity. Other people starve in the streets because concrete knows no sympathy." The punk/ska format and the fact that the music is of the strongest and best in its class - I'd advise a purchase of this one immediately... Seriously, right now! ***-Darby*** (Lookout Records)

Latest news is that this very popular S.F. band just played their last show and are now defunct.

THE PIVOT FOOTS, 4 song Demo

Silly, Catchy. Three musicians who are lyrically in the "THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS" vein. They play the usual, guitar, bass and drums, while Brent Walker sings the lilting tunes. They're pastel-colored mass on the fringe of college-radio dripping into mainstream. I have to admit the lyrics to "Wally Pipped" and "Tomorrow's Chief" are witty, but they're not really a group that I'd listen to all that often. ***-Omaha*** (Snork Entertainment, Box 14894, Long Beach, CA 90803)

POINT OF CONCEPTION, Demo

Hearty, energetic thrash. I will admit to being predisposed to hardcore but I dig this. It's got that crisp sound. They seem to be young, expressing desire to remain 18 coz after 18, "it's all down-hill from there." One of their songs discusses the way we treat the elderly and the homeless - I like that. I relate heavily to the punk idioms of social reform and concern. Check this stuff out. They've got a girl on vocals that rips and the music is fast and clean. ***-Shannon*** (Plastic Baby Products, P.O. Box 126, Pt. Hueneme, CA 93041)

RAMONES, "Pet Semetary" 12"

It was a great book, though I haven't seen the movie yet, word on the street is that it's not half as good. But this RAMONES title-track is. "Pet Semetary" is almost a pop song that embodies all the qualities that make it an instantly identifiable RAMONES' tune. They do a good job of putting it together, even though the premise of the song is perhaps better-suited for a band like the DAMNED. The B-side give us the favorite, "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker", (which is also featured in the movie) and "Life Goes On." ***-Marla Tate*** (Sire Records)

ANTI WAR·ANTI ANIMAL ABUSE·ANTI RACISM·
ANTI SEXISM·ANTI ESTABLISHMENT·ANTI SYSTEM·
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This is the 1st Media Children demo tape.
SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENT
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ROBYN HITCHCOCK AND THE EGYPTIANS, "Queen Elvis"

"Queen Elvis" initially disappointed me. It was pretty tame fare for 'ole Robyn, who's written some of my favorite weird tunes. But, the more I listened, the more I liked this LP. No, this album is not "Fegmania", but that was four years ago and Robyn has a new following: The college radio crowd. This vinyl isn't quite as twisted as his past endeavors, but it's still bent enough to tantalize the most hardcore Hitchcock fan. My only problem with this record was that there weren't enough fast-paced, snappy songs. If you're sitting in your dorm room with a nasty term paper due tomorrow and you've smoked a joint and the buzz is just hitting you, and your BEATLES' "Rubber Soul" album is scratched, put on this LP. It isn't good to the last drop but it will satisfy. ***-Marla Tate*** (A&M Records)

SKINNER BOX, "Skinner Box" LP

Too much keyboards, not enough decent lyrics. Poorly written poems about retarded emotional growth coupled with stereotypical subject matter - booze, addiction, death and an inability to cope with society... made me groan with misery. They're not bad, just need to mature a bit more. ***-Shannon*** (Bobok, Ltd. c/o Toxic Shock)

STEEL POLE BATHTUB, "Butterfly Love" LP

Not your typical release on Boner records. I wouldn't really call this band metal. They do rock in a way similar to their Washington State contemporaries. The real standouts of this band are the thunderous drums and somewhat deranged lyrics. Halfway through the first side the drums transform the music into a driving whirlwind of chaos. A very interesting offer. ***-Lance*** (Boner Records, P.O Box 2081, Berkeley, CA 94702)

SURROGATE BRAINS, "Surrogate Serenades" 7" EP

"Super Spectacular Day" is my fave off this EP. Many different styles plus smart lyrics and changing vocals give a unique character to each song. Most (melodic) punk/hardcore fans will really get into this. ***-Darby*** (Lookout Records)

3-D PICNIC, Demo

When I first received this casette, I skipped through the first few songs with a closed mind thinking, "Oh, God ! Pop-rock, eek — gag!" Well, you can miss out on a lot of good shit with a closed mind. Ends up this is more than pop-rock mix. With catchy melodies and creative song structure, they touch rock 'n roll, folk/country (occasionally DYLAN-like) and a sort of new wave. Each song is solid, and diversity seems to be the name of the game. Besides that, what really makes this music work is the unrestricted, quirky feel it expressed. The keyboards often take from the songs instead of giving. And the slower country/folk songs, though pretty and all, get on my nerves. Lyrics range from stupid to smart while, for the most part, being portrayed with a sense of humor. Yes, this may be a good

contender for the pop-rock scene, but if you have any interest in that music, you are recommended to check this group out. ***-Darby*** (New Haven Music, 8033 Sunset, #971, Hollywood, CA, 90046)

THE TWENTY SECOND SECT, "Get That Charge" LP

I hate to be harsh or cruel to bands that are trying to make it in the record business. It's hard enough to get a gig, let alone achieve even a small sampling of success, but I must say that the vocals by Liz Dealey on this record don't do it for me. Her voice reminds me of Dinah Cancer, who was never a great singer, but at least Dinah's vocals fit the style of 45 GRAVE. Dealey seems to spend more time screaming over the guitar than actually singing. All the songs on this 7-track LP are hard, rocking and well composed. "I'll Be Your Navigator", "Pull The Trigger" and "Hell" are stand-out cuts. The bass on title-track "Get That Charge" is excellent. THE TWENTY SECOND SECT might not find this review worthy of their press kit, but still, this record may be worthy of your record collection. ***-Marla*** (Sympathy Records)

THE UNDEAD, "Act Your Rage" LP

Been waiting for a good punk record to come out lately? Well, this is the record for you. Energy and power fill the eleven tracks on this New York-based band's second LP. This record reminds me of a lot of different bands rolled into one. "I Don't Wanna Go", is akin to the The ADDICTS, "I Don't Want to Go To the Disco", and "Evening of Desire" reminds me of The DAMNED. A few other tracks include, "Put Your Clothes Back On" and "We Don't Want the Poor In New York City", a great punk anthem. If (foolishly) you just bought this album for The MISFITS connection, then you will be satisfied with a wonderful version of "R.A.T.T. F.I.N.K." Good stuff. Good album. Look for it in a store near you, but if you can't find it, just write to BOBBY STEELE, at the address below. This record is being distributed completely by BOBBY STEELE. ***-Marla Tate*** (Post Mortem Records, P.O. Bos 358, New Milford, NJ 07646)

WONDER STUFF, "8 Legged Groovie Thing"

"If you can't sing along with it, it's a load of bollocks." Fun in that sort of rocking, underground, pop fashion. Fast, with all that British weird stuff - everyone sings in harmony, whistles,

light, zippy lyrics, and behind all that, solid rompilent snappy guitars. "It's your money I'm after, baby" sets your toes tapping; I guess it's a sort of musical fluff, but well done, with neat riffs. You may want to give this one a try.-***Shannon*** (Polygram Records)

COMPILATIONS

THE THING THAT ATE FLOYD, Double LP

A double album containing songs from 34 (punk) bands, half of which are somewhat well-known. It lists for $8.00 from the label — a lot of music for a good price. In my opinion, TRIBE OF RESISTANCE, STEELPOLE BATHTUB, BOO HISS PFFTLB! and SKIN FLUTES had the best material. Other notable stuff was by NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH, ISOCRACY and NEUROSIS. Included with the double LP is a booklet that has a page for each band to present their propaganda (similar to the Peace/War comp from several years back). ***-Mr. Bohonus***
(Lookout Records)

VIDEOS

THE UNDEAD, "Live In San Fransisco At the Covered Wagon", 9-24-88

For those of you who haven't been to 'Frisco in awhile, The Covered Wagon is a small club similar to Raji's. The video (done on a hand-held camera) represents The UNDEAD at their best. They are a very energetic live band. At first, the crowd (whom you can't see at all in the video until about midway through) seems a bit stand-offish. Perhaps because BOBBY STEELE used to be in The MISFITS, they were waiting for a guy with a Devil Lock. But, once the audience realized that The UNDEAD were not The MISFITS, but indeed an excellent band on their own merits, the crowd went wild. Bobby tells me that he's planning to bring the band back to the West Coast this September. Yippie! P.S., The FBI warning at the end of the video is a great touch! ***-Marla Tate***

Everyone who is interested, send your records, tapes, videos to BEN IS DEAD, P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028. If possible, please send two; one for BEN IS DEAD, so we can have an insight on your music (for shows we put on, show reviews, etc.) and one copy for the reviewer. You're the greatest.

P.S. Please don't send anymore metal music, it disturbs my inner tranquility or something like that and makes my cat attack people for no reason.

P.P.S. The use of "rockin'", "dude" and any other equally brainless words are not stomachable by this editor so reviewers please refrain or expect to be tortured severely.

Wasn't That Fun

Bet you would think drastic thoughts if you let yourself miss any other fantastic issues of BEN IS DEAD magazine, huh. Well you don't have to because it is so easy to secure your magazine entertainment potential. Not only that, but contribute a little to this so called worthy cause. Here's what you do:

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FANZINE REVIEWS

This is only a short list of some of the more interesting fanzines I've received and/or what I have room for. For an amazing listing of fanzines you should definitely get a Factsheet Five (which also reviews music, books.. I think it's endless). Send $2.00 to Factsheet Five, c/o Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, NY 12144-4502.

Drippingwette #9, ($1?)

They've got clippings of the strangest articles - this one is about a wife locking her husband out of their apartment because he smelt.. and she won in court. Some record and show reviews but all in all this one's kinda short and there's not enough inside. P.O. Box 127 Wickatunk, NJ 07765

Ground-0 #3, 22 pgs ($1?)

Shit on "The Metal Slut", Bela Lagosi, Pink Flamingos (who was the sickest in it), Art Women (which I didn't understand), the "Happy Man"... - yes, these are all articles. Reviews of zines, records... Has a sort of sleazy distorted sexual flavor, which some found hard to swallow (note their letters column). Though it's not tops of the intellectual charts, it's a thinking humans magazine. c/o Thomas Bruce, 634 Rickert Rd., Sellersville, PA 18960

Grot #4, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, 30 pgs ($1)

Interviews with OPERATION IVY, RATTAIL GRENDIER, NO MIND and 7 SECONDS. With interesting, well written reviews. Small but has lots of cool stuff. Nice layout. 151 First Ave. Box A, NY, NY 10003

The Happy Thrasher #7, 24 pgs ($1)

Bigger than #6, filled with interviews of ANNOYED, HARDCORE 918V, HEADFIRST, plus record, zine and show reviews and more. 'Tin Ear" (the editor) has got an opinion on everything that is presented and it's normally smart or funny - what I mean is there's a good personality behind it and after all that's much of what makes up a good zine. 2308 N. Sacramento, Orange, CA 92667.

It All Lies Underneath the Surface, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, 52 pgs. (Free - 50¢ postage)

Interviews with CRINGER's bassist Gardner (no their bassist is not a gardener that is his name), WOLFGANG PRESS, show and record reviews, poems... it's pretty good stuff. Thomás, c/o KXLU, 7101 W. 80th St., LA, CA 90045.

System Opposed #2, (Free - 50¢ postage)

A well written collection of articles dealing with animal rights, racism, punk anarchist music and more... They allow everyones opinions to be heard even if they contradict the beliefs of the magazine but as with the abortion issue I wasn't sure if it was only the beliefs of the contributor or of the zine also. Included are some interviews, 'zine and record reviews. The typewritten, paste on, sometimes sloppy punk style layout was easy to go beyond... I was happily surprised. C/o Camille P.O. Box 1857, Tustin, CA 92680.

Virgin Meat #8, 24 pgs, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 ($1)

Includes record and zine reviews, lots of poetry and some pretty cool short stories. C/o Steve, 5247 W. L-10, Quartz Hill, Ca. 93536.

Yes, BEN IS DEAD will trade zines with everyone!

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